On Horseback in Cappadocia

J. O. Barrows

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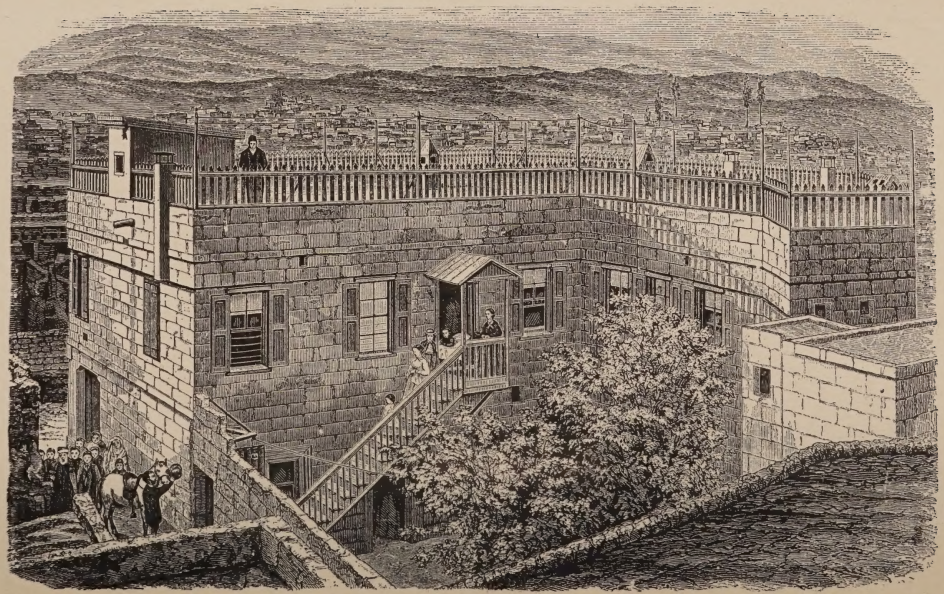

MISSION HOUSE AT CESAREA. (Frontispiece.)

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ON

HORSEBACK IN CAPPADOCIA;

OR,

A MISSIONARY TOUR.

TOGETHER WITH

SOME THINGS WHICH THEY SAW
WHO MADE IT.

BY

REV. J. O. BARROWS,

LATE MISSIONARY OF THE A. B. C. F. M. TO TURKEY.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

After resigning a pleasant pastorate in one of the older towns of New England, to engage in missionary work in Turkey, a brother in the ministry said to me: "I almost envy you, going to the foreign field — your work will be so *purely spiritual*." Very often, while doing the work that was to be so free from worldly entanglements, these words of the sympathizing friend in the homeland would come to mind.

To show that the labors of the foreign missionary, while most "purely spiritual" in their aim and results, are yet, from the necessity of the case, such as to bring him into very close connection with much that is "of the earth, earthy," and, by showing this, to give an inside view of some part of his daily life, is the object of the simple story narrated in the following pages.

The chronological order has not been followed in all cases, neither did everything found

in the story take place precisely as represented. The aim has been, rather, to give *a correct picture* of certain phases of missionary life in Asia Minor. Accordingly, we have attempted to describe one of the tours which, in that land, are a very important part of the work necessary to be done in preaching the gospel of Christ. The American friends, whom we could desire to have as companions on the way, are represented by the traveller who "happened along." All others spoken of as making the journey, or as connected with the station at Cesarea, including the pastor of the church in that place and the Bible-reader, together with the preacher at Nigdeh, were on the ground at the time, and engaged in work essentially as represented.

Two of the missionary families, and two single ladies, had their residence in Talas, a large village about four miles to the southeast of Cesarea. One family, and also a lady, whose husband had died just as he had fairly entered upon his work, occupied the old mission-house in the city.

ATKINSON, N.H., April, 1884.

TO

MY COMPANIONS IN LABOR,

AND

TO ALL WHO, FOR THE REVIVAL OF A PURE CHRISTIAN FAITH
IN CAPPADOCIA, HAVE, IN THAT MISSION FIELD,
TOILED AND PRAYED TOGETHER,

This Picture of some Common Experiences

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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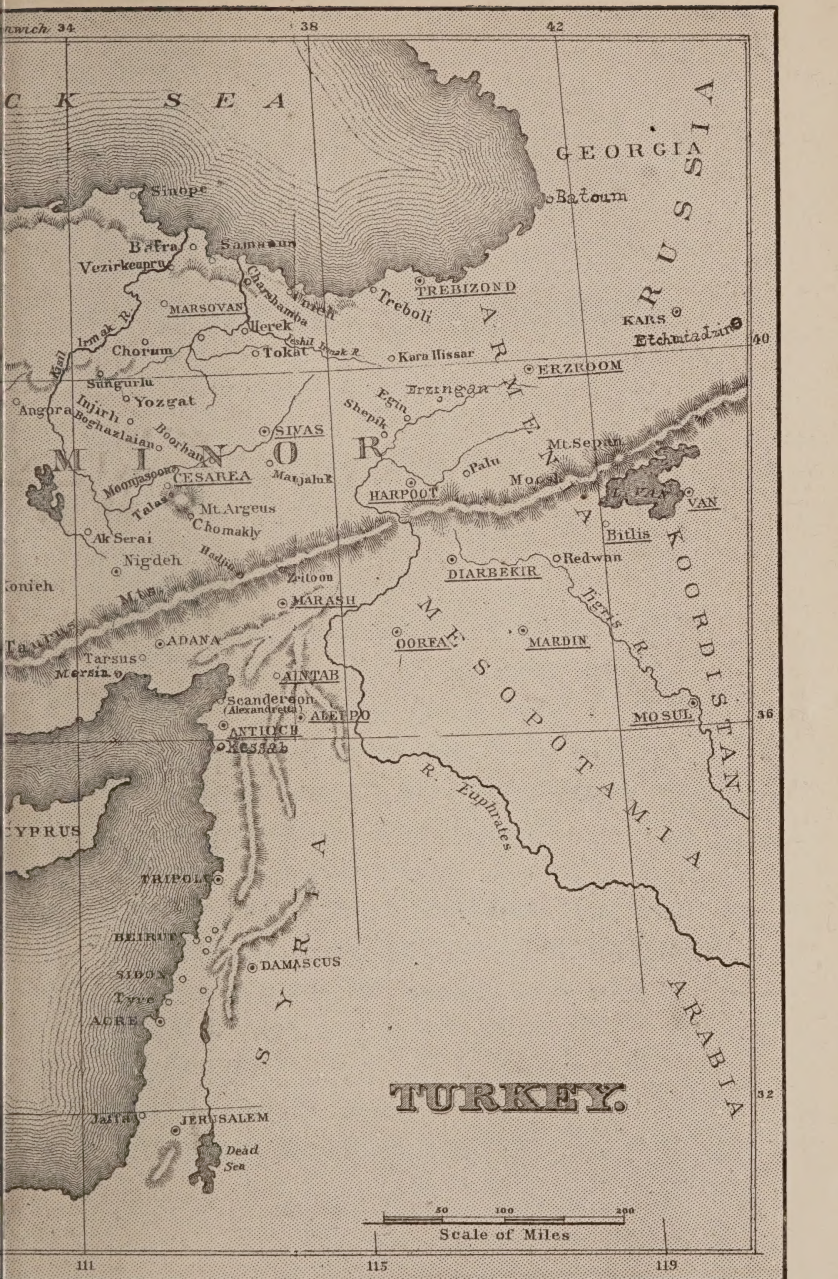
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ON HORSEBACK IN CAPPADOCIA.

CHAPTER I.

GETTING READY.

"HÂGŌP! Hâgōp!"

The servant wipes the dish-water from his hands, runs up the stairs, and presents himself at the door of my study.

"You will give my salaams to the muleteer, Ahmet Agha, and ask him, if convenient, to favor me with a call this morning."

"I don't think I know him."

"You remember that a Mussulman came here from Erkelet, a few weeks ago, and moved into the house opposite the mosque, next door to Said Effendi's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that 's the man."

"Very well, sir, I 'll find him."

I sit at my table, working hard to finish posting the station accounts, look over a bill of books just received from Constantinople, open the box, find the books all right, and put them in their place, write a letter to the preacher in Chomâklu, and try to collect together and square up the odds and ends of many loose bits of business that are needing attention. A rap at my door.

"Come in."

"Good morning."

"Good morning, Brother Farnsworth. You are just the man I am wanting to see. How are you all at Talas?"

"We are all well. How do you do? And how about the tour? Have you found a man to go with you?"

"I have just sent Hâgōp to give my compliments to our new neighbor, Ahmet. He is a muleteer, and is said to be a very agreeable man on the road. I 'd like to try him."

"Would n't Ayoub go?"

"I don't care to have him go again. He did well for a time; but on our last trip to Yozgat, he was altogether too lazy; and besides, I did n't

feel quite sure about the money that I let him take for expenses."

"Very well. I've no objection to trying a new man, if you think best. But I suppose Ahmet does n't know much about us. He 'll want a big price."

"Of course; but we 'll fix that."

Hâgōp opens my door.

"Ahmet Agha sends his salaams, and says he 'll come immediately."

"Very good. Have you attended to my horse this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"He seems all right now, does n't he?"

"All right."

"Take good care of him; I hope to start for Nigdeh next Monday."

"Very well, sir."

Hâgōp goes back to his dishes.

"You'll have a time with that fellow," continued Mr. Farnsworth; "he does n't understand how *we* make bargains — that we mean what we say."

"Never mind; we can afford to make a bargain with him once, if he should prove to be the man we want."

A loud rap is heard on the street gate. Hâgōp steps to the outside door of his kitchen.

"O kim?" — who's there? — he shouts.

"Ach" — open — is the response.

The servant pulls the long cord, which is attached to the gate. Ahmet enters, pushes the heavy door back behind him, and the spring latch is again in its place. The crowd in the street are thus prevented from coming in. But now another rap. Hâgōp again leaves his dishes for the door.

"O kim?"

"Ach" — in faint and plaintive tones.

The cord is drawn again. A little girl, leading a blind man, steps timidly inside. Some rude boys are on the point of rushing in behind her; but Hâgōp gives the cord another pull, and the gate is shut. The little girl leads the blind man forward a few steps. "My eyes don't see — Allâh bless you — my eyes are blind — Allâh give you a thousandfold — Allâh, Allâh!"

The little girl, in her dirty, tattered dress, with pale face and uncombed hair, shrunken limbs and bare feet, looks up imploringly.

"Here, take these pieces; I've nothing more left this morning."

The blind man, praying for blessings on his benefactor, returns to the street. He now has some dry bread and a bit of sour curd, called cheese, for his breakfast. Hâgōp hurries back to finish washing his dishes, that he may get ready to go to the market for meat and vegetables for dinner. But hardly has he begun, when another rap on the gate.

"O kim?"

"Ach."

"Pshaw! It 's only that wretched, claw-handed dwarf; I have to feed him every day," he mutters to himself, but loud enough for me to hear above. And he adds, "I 've given to four beggars already this morning; there 's nothing left."

"If there is nothing else, give him ten pârâs to get some bread," I called out through my open window.

My door opens, and Ahmet, the muleteer, comes in. Hâgōp had pointed out to him my room. So he does n't rap at my door. He has been admitted to the premises, through the outside gate, and now any door in the house may

be entered without further permission. For this reason my study is made easily accessible to all. I must be ready to see those who would find me, always; but my wife and children need a little more privacy. Accordingly their rooms are somewhat farther back.

As the muleteer enters, he kicks off his loose shoes at the door, and stands before me barefoot; he now makes the *temenâ*, by bringing his hand to his breast, and then to his face, while he says: —

"Good morning, Chelabi." *

"Good morning. Your coming is a pleasure to me."

Now his coming *was* a pleasure to me; but we must always say, "I am glad to see you," when any one comes to our house. No matter who the visitor may be, or how long he will probably stay, or under what circumstances, we must always express our pleasure at his coming. This is an Oriental custom, from which there is no escape.

Having motioned my friend to a seat on the

* Chelabi, a European gentleman. Often used by the Turks.

divan, he steps upon it, and squats down, in the most natural and easy manner possible. His clothes are loose, and admit of his readily seating himself in that fashion. Oriental styles and customs are not without their mutual adaptations and benefits. His clothes, too, are "of many colors," and so thought to be handsome, though exhibiting a most strange and incongruous putting together of different kinds and qualities, while there is nothing that approaches a "fit" any where. Being seated, Mr. Farnsworth and myself salute him in a manner fixed and formal, and from which there can be no deviation. Had my room been full of people, and all strangers to each other and to the visitor, each one must have done the same. No waiting for introductions.

Now we begin to talk. Not about the weather. We are supposed to know whether it is fair or stormy, warm or cold, and so we say nothing about it. But we ask after each other's health very particularly. As this man is a Turk, and has a family, I inquire about his children, but make no mention of his wife. Why should I? He would think it very foolish, as well as

impolite, that any one should meddle with his domestic concerns in that way. He says he has two children. I am sure that I have seen as many as three little girls about his door, and undoubtedly they are his, but he says he has *two* children. He has two *boys*.

During this introductory talk, he takes out his tobacco box, containing fine-cut tobacco and a minute book of tissue paper; he pulls off one of the thin leaves, puts in a pinch of the tobacco, wets the edges in his mouth, rolls it skilfully, bites off the ends, and pinches them up in a peculiar way — and he has a cigarette ready. He looks around to see if anybody else is smoking, and so able to furnish him a burning cigarette for lighting his own. I get him a match. At this point Hâgōp appears with a little waiter in his hand, on which are three tiny cups of black, but fragrant and agreeable coffee. This coffee is very hot. So in sipping it together we make no inconsiderable noise, in the process of getting it into our mouths, without actually touching the cup to our lips. Thus we escape the unpleasant sensations, which fluids of a certain temperature are capable of produc-

ing near the end of one's tongue. New-comers to the Orient are not always so fortunate. As to Ahmet, he sips a little coffee, then takes a little smoke, then a little more coffee, and then a little more smoke. He "drinks" the tobacco smoke, as he himself would say, as well as the coffee. He inhales the fumes of his cigarette, actually filling his lungs, and then breathing it out through his nose. Smoking, as Europeans and Americans do, by taking the fumes of his cigarette into his mouth, and puffing them out again, he would not think worth the trouble. He does n't believe in smoked *tongue* only. He would have his whole system brought more immediately under the soothing influences of the poison found in the weed. And to accomplish this he deems it a wise economy to improve every spare moment, no matter where he is, or in what company he may be found. If his hands are sufficiently at liberty to allow him to make a cigarette, he does so; he smokes it, and then makes another. And then one more. So no time is allowed to go to waste!

But now to our business. It was not to afford our guest an opportunity to sit and smoke that

we invited him to call. Accordingly, I begin to state my case. I am proposing to make a journey of several days; there will be two ladies in the party, two children, and probably three men in all; shall need at least four horses, besides those which we ourselves provide; he must go with us himself, and take care of us, and of all the animals on the way; can he do it?

Yes, indeed, he can; would be delighted to do me a favor; his stable is full of horses, in good order, and he will furnish as many as needed; will take the best care of us all; will be ready to start to-morrow.

I inform him that to-morrow will be our holy day; that we never travel on the Sabbath. That he acknowledges is well. Every people ought to keep their own holy days. We can be ready early Monday morning. That will suit; we wish to set out Monday.

One might suppose the whole thing now settled; but there is something else to be done. In Turkish parlance we must "cut the price." The bargain is yet to be made. It remains to be seen what the muleteer can really do for us.

So conversation about the proposed trip is continued for some time; mostly in a general way; but he is very polite, agreeable, and *sympathetic*. The desire, most emphatically expressed, is to please me in everything — to do precisely what I may wish. At last I venture to ask what he will want per day for his horses, it being understood that he is to go with them. "Oh, that 's nothing, Chelabi," he says; "I 'd be glad to go for your sake; that 's ample compensation. I 'll go whether you give me anything or not. The money is of no account."

"But," I reply, "it is better to have the matter well understood; and besides, I should, of course, be unwilling to accept gratuitous service. I wish to give you a fair price."

"Don't give yourself the slightest uneasiness, Chelabi. It is a matter of no account. If you wish to pay me anything, you can fix the price just as you please. I shall leave it wholly with you."

"No, no; I can't do so. That would n't be right. How much do you say?"

At this point my friend begins to make a new cigarette. He hesitates a little, as if he had

not quite made up his mind in respect to the sum best to be named. But finally he suggests that, if anything is to be given him, it ought to be about so much. He asks more than twice as much as is ordinarily given. At this suggestion I feel obliged to show some surprise; and, in return, name a sum very much below the usual price. He is apparently still more surprised, and wonders that I should allow a paltry bit of money to stand in the way of accomplishing so desirable an object. As to himself, he did n't wish for anything, — he would prefer to go as a favor to me. But I had insisted on his suggesting some price; that which he had named was merely nominal; I, as a wealthy gentleman about to undertake an important journey, should not stand for a mere trifle. Besides, he now begins to plead that barley and straw are very dear; that he leaves a lucrative job in order to accommodate me; that it is indeed a matter of astonishment that I should offer so little — it would be in fact pleasanter for him to go for nothing; and much more of like import. We talk a long time. He is finally convinced that I know what ought to be given, and that I do

not intend to throw away my money on him or anyone else. He now comes down a little. I go up a little. He comes down a little more. I go up a little more. He falls still further. I go up still further. We meet. The bargain is finished. It is ready to be made sure. So he rises, and gives me his right hand as pledge. This clasping of hands always marks the junction, or common terminus, of the two converging paths of every pecuniary transaction. He says he will come early Monday morning, and starts for the door. But there is yet something more to be done. I must have a different kind of security. "Hold on a minute, my good friend," I add, "there is one thing further. I must be sure. So now, leave a little sum of money with me, and when we get started Monday morning, I will return it to you. But, if you should not come, it will be mine."

Ahmet now starts up quickly, as if he would leave, offended at my want of confidence in him.

"My word is pledge," he exclaims. "There is no need of my depositing forfeit money. I never do it. They all know me."

"Yes, I don't doubt your honest intentions. But you know what is customary. And we all sometimes change our minds. I want to go as we have planned, without fail. Unless, therefore, you can make this agreement sure, I shall have to look for some one else."

Now he begins to appeal to the Almighty to witness the sincerity of his intentions. He adds oath to oath. He would induce me to accept *such* a pledge. But, seeing that his oaths and protestations have no effect upon me, and that I am resolved on having the matter sure, he throws down a piece of money, steps into his loose shoes, and most politely and pleasantly bidding me good morning, goes away, glad of a rare job. He knows that he has fair pay, — perhaps a little above what is ordinarily given, and that the money promised he will be sure to get. He has heard of the missionaries, and how they deal with those that work for them; he only wished to test me in making a bargain. I also knew very well that without some substantial pledge I could not be assured that he would come on Monday morning. If, before night, or on the Sabbath, he should be offered

a little more for the use of his horses, I should wait for my muleteer to no purpose. The methods of making bargains in the East have not greatly changed since the days of Abraham. Whenever an Ephron the Hittite is about to receive money, he says, "What is that betwixt me and thee," that the one who is about to pay the money may put less value upon it. Flattery and a great show of respect are still made to serve a purpose. "Thou art a mighty prince among us," is constantly repeated. "None of us shall withhold from thee," is reiterated with common consent. Thus, in order that shrewdness and deceit may accomplish their ends, they are covered with an extra layer of politeness and manifested good will. The only exception to this state of things is found in the lives of those who have become true Christians. In a multitude of instances they have come to be favorably known for their integrity and uprightness. Even Mohammedan judges accept the testimony of Protestant witnesses, because, as they say, *they* will tell the truth.

After the muleteer had left, Mr. Farnsworth drew up his chair by my side, to help me out on

some yet unfinished accounts. This done, we began to make further and more definite plans for the journey, which now seemed to be clearly in prospect.

"How much, and what, shall I take along with me," I asked. "Shall I go heavy armed, or light?"

"I would advise you to make good provision for the way. There are to be two ladies and two children in your party; then, if Mr. Lane still holds to his purpose to accompany you, you will need something a little extra, to make him comfortable. A man just from America, you know, can't lie down and sleep in every place, as you and I do."

"That's very true; and, if our friend goes, I will do all I can for him. I want him to go, and yet I am afraid to urge him. He may think, before he gets around, that he is paying too dear for the whistle."

"Where is he this morning?"

"He has just received letters from America, and is reading them over and over, as we used to, to see if there isn't possibly something more, in some corner of the sheets, that he hasn't yet found."

Nearly an hour passed, and we had not reached the end of our talk respecting the little details in the arrangements we were making, when we were interrupted by a rap on the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Lane."

"Good morning, Mr. Farnsworth."

"You must excuse me; I have been so busy with my letters, that I failed to learn of your coming."

"Good news, I hope."

"Yes, very good. But I can hardly call it news, though. It is five weeks since my letters were written."

"We are just about five weeks out of the world. But we were talking about you a moment ago, and wondering whether you were of the same mind still."

"To be sure; I would n't miss this journey in Old Cappadocia for a fortune. It is just what I 've come for."

"Very good. For many reasons, we are all glad to have you go, if you think you can endure it. You will take along food for a while; then you will be with the native brethren, at some of

the stopping-places; they are very kind, and will do all in their power to make you comfortable. And stopping at old khans, and at 'rooms,' as we call them, in the villages, will serve to give you variety."

"A pleasing variety, I have no doubt."

"That remains to be seen," I said. "We will hear your story when you get back."

"One thing I shall not fail to take with me, and that is my revolver. You 'll take yours?"

"It is sometimes well to have one," I replied. "If you chance to meet one of those nondescript fellows — half beggar and half robber — such as I encountered on my way from Constantinople last spring, it will do to take your arms in hand, and make a show of resistance; but when a band of the regular robber-class come down upon you, you are better off without your pistols. The best firearms are just the things they are seeking for. They will risk more for them than for anything else. On two separate occasions, Mr. Williams, of Mardin, was politely deprived of the privilege of carrying his. Mr. Bartlett and party were robbed on the road near Broussa. It is highly probable that, had not one lady of

the party attached a fine-looking revolver to her belt, they would have passed unmolested. Some Circassians, who were travelling along beside them, saw that pistol, and made up their minds to get it."

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Farnsworth, "I take just the same view of this matter. Dr. Van Lennep used to say, and wisely I think, that when travelling in Turkey, you should either appear so strong that no one will dare attack you, or else so poor that they will have no desire to do so. We missionaries make it a point to take no more money with us than just what we need to pay our expenses from one larger place to another. At such places we can always get money by giving drafts on our treasurer at Constantinople. The merchants are glad to take our paper. So you see we contrive to make poverty our defence. It is better than pistols. We may, however, take these, and put them in our saddle bags, out of sight; they will do no harm there; and they may be useful. But there is something else that you will need more. Hoping that you would decide to go, I brought in an iron bedstead. You see three already

lying there in the court; those are for the ladies' and the children; this, till your return, you can call your own."

"You are indeed very kind; through your thoughtfulness every want is more than supplied."

"Ah, I'm afraid that before you get back, you'll find that there is need of a little foresight. We have to take the furnishings of our hotel with us. Some of us have become accustomed to this kind of roughing it, and can go in almost any way, and sleep in almost any place; but you can't do so. It would n't be wise for you to try. You will find it hard enough to ride horseback all day, when you can get some rest at night. But with this iron bedstead, you can take sheets and blankets, and so be quite comfortable. You understand that you are to be kept above the hopping power of certain minute creatures, that are remarkable for their ability to make a spring."

"Yes, I've already learned what they are. I lay awake one whole night, coming down here from the Black Sea. And two other nights I should have done much better awake. I

slept just long enough to be eaten up without being aware of it. But the hopping creatures of which you speak, were not the worst of my enemies. I found swarms of foes far more bitter, if I may judge by their biting, and their fragrance. I have learned, to some extent, to endure the little sharp fellows that put in for a bite in one place, and while you are looking for him he is n't there; but it is those flat-backed, nocturnal revellers, that I so much dread. When they make their attack on all sides at once, I am forced to break through the line somewhere, and beat a retreat."

Here the conversation, which was becoming so interesting, was interrupted by the opening of the study door.

"Good morning, Bodville." *

"Good morning, Hadji † Harotun. Glad to see you."

"Good morning, Mr. Farnsworth."

* *Bod-vil'-le.* — An Armenian title, given to ordained preachers, and to teachers, and so also to the missionaries.

† A name given to all Mohammedans who have been on a pilgrimage to Mecca; and also to nominal Christians who have been to Jerusalem.

"Glad to see you, Hadji. Mr. Lane, this is one of our earliest Protestant preachers, and a most useful and faithful laborer. He is also to make this trip with you."

Our guest from America rises and greets Hadji with a warm grasp of the hand, which is returned with equal warmth; but their conversation is extremely limited. By the help of an interpreter they exchange greetings, and are seated.

"Well, Hadji," continued Mr. Farnsworth, "are you ready for the journey?"

"I think I am, pretty much; how long shall we be gone?"

"Probably about two weeks. You will be on hand in good season, Monday, I suppose?"

"If the Lord will. Good-by."

"But why do you hasten? Stay and have a cup of coffee with us."

"You must excuse me this morning. I have to make a little provision for my family, before leaving for Nigdeh."

As Hadji was going down the stairs, Mr. Lane inquired, "Why do you take this man with you?"

"Because of the work to be done," I said. "He understands many things respecting the people — their ways, and their wants — better than we can. Then it is very pleasant for the Protestant communities to have a native brother — one whom they love and respect — come to see them. Moreover, he is a valuable counsellor, in case there should arise any questions involving difficulty, and yet requiring immediate action. I want him, not only as a companion on the road, but it may be as a kind of lawyer also — a friend in need. Perhaps you may see before we get around. I wish you could understand what he says. He is a most agreeable companion, lively and witty in conversation — always having a pleasant story to tell."

Another loud rap at the street gate.

"O kim?" is shouted out from the kitchen door.

"Ach."

"I know that voice. Mr. Bartlett has come. We shall now have help enough to get off all right."

"Yes, you may be sure Mr. Bartlett will be around when any help is needed."

Hâgōp has pulled open the gate. Into the court come three horses with their riders — Mr. Bartlett, Mrs. Bartlett, and Miss Closson. An hour ago they left Talas.

"Good morning to you all. Glad to see you. You are very kind to leave your work to help us. Thanks to you, ladies."

"We thought your wife would need some help in doing the thousand and one things that must be done to get off on such a journey. Mrs. Farnsworth, Miss Griswold, and all the children at Talas would have been glad to come, too. Miss Griswold has finished that sewing for your children, and here's the bundle. Mrs. Farnsworth sends this basket of good things for the way."

"How thoughtful! many thanks."

"All at Talas send their salaams and good wishes. Mrs. Farnsworth and Miss Griswold wish you to carry their special salutations to the friends at Nigdeh and Ak Serai. Of course, we charge you to do the same thing for us."

"Good morning, my dear sisters," was the greeting from the sitting-room window. "I knew your voices. You make me doubly glad

by coming to-day. A friend in need is a friend indeed."

"We are only too glad to come if we can be of any help to you. How do you do? and how are those two little children? All keeping up good courage, we hope."

"As good as we can; but it seems as if I never could make that journey with my children to care for on the way."

"Indeed it is hard; but we have no doubt you will grow stronger every day, notwithstanding."

"May it be so. I am ready to do anything that will benefit the children. They have been growing weaker for the past six months."

"But you, too, need the change which the journey will afford as much as they; and I have come," added Mrs. Bartlett, "to say that I wish you to take Old Black. His gait is very easy, and he is so gentle — just the horse you need."

"This is a very generous offer — like so many other things you have done for me. But it does n't seem to me that I ought to accept the horse. You need him every day yourself."

"I can ride another horse while you are gone. You *must* take him."

"Very well. I've learned not to try to resist your will, when you wish to do a kind thing for me."

"Are the children all ready to go?" asked Miss Closson.

"Pretty much. I have their flannel night-dresses yet to finish. I believe that is all."

"Please pass over those night-dresses, and we'll see how they look. We've come to investigate your affairs."

"Yes, I perceive you have. And I should be willing you should continue your investigations, if I were not already so deeply indebted to you. But, as I am bankrupt, perhaps I might as well owe a little more as a little less. But here comes Mrs. Giles."

"Where has she been?"

"To the women's prayer-meeting. Then she was going to inform the sisters of our journey. They will want to send salutations, messages, and letters, you know. Come in, Mrs. Giles. I need your help here; they have taken me captive."

"Good morning, sisters. Glad to see you here. We never fail to give you an opportunity to make yourselves useful."

"Well, how did you find the prayer-meeting?"

"We had an excellent meeting. There were more than fifty present. Ghuldudu led both in prayer and remarks. I thought she surpassed herself to-day. Her face fairly glowed, and her words burned in all our hearts. I think she is doing admirably as a Bible-reader. She hopes that she will be able to go to Ak Serai again by and by, if we can make arrangements for her there. Before the meeting this morning she visited two important Armenian families. You remember the interesting young wife of Sarkis Agha. She consented to take a Bible this time. Ghuldudu has hopes that she will persevere in learning the truth; if she does, she cannot but do great good among her neighbors and in the wide circle of her relatives."

"That is most encouraging," rejoined Mrs. Bartlett. "We can afford to work hard and long for such results. But now about your journey. Are you nearly ready, sister?"

"Very nearly. I have only one request to make — that which I have been obliged to make so many times — that you who remain at home will care for my boy."

"With the greatest pleasure. Some of us will be in Monday morning, and we will take him back with us to Talas. I wish we might also furnish you a horse as easy to ride as Old Black. But I thought I must look out for the most feeble one first."

"Certainly. And your plans for us are very kind. But I don't wish to have you think of me. I'm accustomed to riding, you know. I've tried almost every kind of a horse."

While the ladies are having this conversation, I assist Mr. Bartlett in putting his horses into the stable, so that Hâgōp may not be interrupted in getting the dinner ready. We are about turning to go up to my study, when we meet Bodville Karopé just coming through the gate at the foot of the stairs.

"Glad to see you, Bodville. You have come most opportunely. Walk up. Mr. Farnsworth is also here. We'll have a supplementary station-meeting now. There are some things which I would like to have discussed further before I start."

"I am glad to see that you are getting ready for this trip," rejoined the Bodville. "I could

wish that I were going, too. But I have my hands full of home work just now."

"If I were not taking so many with me — those whom I can't very well commit to your charge — I should be glad if you could go in my place."

"Yes," added Mr. Bartlett, "we would preach for you during your absence. Your visit to Nigdeh and vicinity last year was most happy in its results. But there is another thing that I have been thinking of. Perhaps in the course of a few weeks you will be able to go up to Yōzgat and the villages of the Bozook region."

"Perhaps I may."

We had just entered the study and sat down to talk when the bell rang for dinner. After this interruption, the conversation was resumed, and continued for nearly two hours. The most pressing question related to the poor persecuted Protestants at Urgûp. It was finally decided that, as but little could be definitely known, so nothing should be determined upon before going there; that Hadji and I must do the best we could when on the ground, with the facts before us, and the attitude of the government ascertained.

Bodville Karopé rose to go.

"We are obliged to you, Bodville," I remarked, "for the time which you have given us."

"Rather, I am obliged for the information which I have received respecting our poor brethren in Urgûp. I hope you will have a pleasant journey. The Lord go with you. Take many salaams from me for the brethren all along on the way. But I hope to see you again Monday morning."

After the Bodville had left, our Talas friends also mounted their horses and returned. A large number of the Protestant brethren called to express their good wishes, and to leave their salaams for relatives and friends in Nigdeh and Ak Serai. Some left letters to be carried. A great variety of little chores and odd jobs kept us all very busy till evening. Then, enjoying the quiet which in an Oriental city comes with the night, — a stillness unbroken except by the occasional barking of the dogs in the street, — I sat for two hours more at my table, trying to collect my thoughts for a familiar discourse to be preached on the morrow in one of the near villages.

CHAPTER II.

THE START.

"WHY does n't our muleteer come? You have heard nothing from him, I suppose, Hâgōp."

"No, sir."

A half an hour more of waiting. All are very busy getting everything as nearly ready as possible, so that when the horses do come, there shall be no unnecessary delay.

"Hâgōp!"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps you had better run over and see what has become of Ahmet Agha."

The servant had been gone but a few minutes, when the rattling of horses' hoofs was heard on the rough pavement outside the court.

Loud and repeated raps. I hasten towards the gate.

"Ach, ach!"

"Yes; come in; I 'm glad to see you."

Four horses, with their large pack-saddles, and attached to each other, by tying the halter of one to the saddle of another, are crowded through into the court.

"But where is Ahmet Agha?"

"He 's sent me to go in his place, Chelabi," answered the young stripling driver of the horses; and, at the same time, squatting down beside the wall, he pulled out his pouch of tobacco, to make a cigarette.

"If he can't come himself, you can take these horses back," I answered, calmly.

"He is n't well, Chelabi."

"I 'm sorry for that; but you must take these animals to their stable again."

Hâgōp is hurrying back; and overhearing this last remark, calls out, just as I was turning to go up to my study, "Let the horses wait; Ahmet will be here in a few minutes; I pointed out to him the difference between his plans and yours, so that he understood it; he 'll come all right."

So I sit down on the stairs and wait. I spend the few minutes I now have to spare, in

reflection, and in watching the young man, sent to make the journey with me, as he strikes the flint against the steel till a spark has caught the tinder, and the fumes of his cigarette begin to be discharged from the ample nostrils of his dark-skinned and flattened nose. Soon Ahmet appears. "Good morning, Chelabi. I 'm sorry if I 've kept you waiting. I was hindered a little this morning. So, at last, I sent this boy that you might have the horses here, and begin to load up."

I thought it best to accept the situation. So I said, "Let us now be ready as soon as possible. It is getting late."

"Good morning, Bodville."

"Good morning, Hadji Harotun. Your coming is a pleasure to us. But I am sorry we are not as nearly ready as we hoped to be, against your getting here."

"I 'll take hold and help you. I 'm ready. All that I carry is on my horse. But look here! What is this? Ahmet Agha, whose horse is this?"

"Mine, of course."

"But he can't make this journey. See! he can hardly stand alone."

"He 'll go well enough."

"Start him up a little," I said. "Let 's see how he 'll travel. He 's lame withal. We must have another animal, quick."

"I have no other," replied the muleteer. "This horse will go well enough. He has made many trips longer than this."

"Yes, that is evident. But I can get along without him this time. You can get another at once, or take all your horses back, just as you choose. Come, Hadji, let us go up to the study."

We go up and sit down, as if we were indifferent to all the world except ourselves. Pretty soon Ahmet appears at the door.

"I say, Chelabi, I am doing the best I can. Don't be afraid. This horse can go. If not, I must hire another, at a great loss to me. If you say so, I will get another; but I must be made good on the price. My neighbor, Mahmoud, has one. Shall I get that?"

I draw up to my table and commence writing. Hadji is being entertained by Mr. Lane, who shows him some fine new views of the Central Park, New York.

Ahmet sits down outside my door, and goes through the process of making and smoking a cigarette. No word from me. The hoped-for bakshesh is not promised. The game of the poor horse is played out. It is no go. As he tears off the second cigarette paper and puts in the pinch of fine-cut, he calls out to the young fellow of dark complexion, still smoking beside the wall, "Boy! you go over to my stable and bring the gray horse; you know which I mean — not the small one, but the dark-gray — the largest horse in the stable."

"Yes, sir; I know which."

"Bring him quick; I want him. Bring the mule, too."

As my window was open, I could distinctly hear these directions. Hadji looked at me, and then turned to look at the pictures. Soon the dark-complexioned boy came to the gate, mounted on the pack saddle of the gray horse, and also leading the mule. Ahmet now comes again to the study door.

"Come, Chelabi. I've another horse. I'm ready to sacrifice anything I have for your sake. I never disappoint any one."

I leave my writing. Hadji is no longer so much interested in the pictures. I inform Mrs. Giles and my wife of what has transpired. They don their hats and riding-dresses and get the children ready, for at last it seems more as if we might set out. The good friends from Talas lend their assistance. They had been waiting for us to start, more than two hours. Mr. Bartlett came with two of the ladies, but finding that some time must elapse before we could be ready, went to the market to do some of the ever-accumulating errands that must be done in the city. He had now returned. With his help, we soon selected the horse that seemed best for Mrs. Giles to ride. Old Black had long been standing saddled in the stable. My own horse was ready for Mr. Lane.

"Ahmet, you will please put that side-saddle which Hâgōp is now bringing out, on the little bay horse, for the lady to ride. My saddle can be put on the gray."

"Your saddle is all right; but that thing which you call a side-saddle I can't put on any way. It 'll spoil the horse's back."

"No, it won't. We 'll put under sufficient

padding, and it will do no injury to your horse."

"Let your women ride as ours do — astride. That 's a great deal better way."

"It may be so; but we can't stop to discuss that question now. As a matter of fact, they don't ride so; and if you won't let your horse wear this saddle, we must give it up till to-morrow. I 'll see to-day who will take us, then."

Ahmet saw that there was nothing to be gained by objecting further to the saddle; so it was put on.

"Which horse is to take the children?" asked Mr. Bartlett; "I have the baskets ready."

"I have brought my mule for the children," replied Ahmet; "he is more sure-footed than a horse."

"Thanks, many thanks for your kind thoughtfulness. Let us have the children in their places at once."

The two large, deep baskets are fastened together at the top with strong ropes, leaving them about one foot apart. They are then swung over the pack-saddle of the mule. In the bottom of each we put some bedclothes to make

a soft seat. The eager children have come for a jump. They go laughing to their places, thinking it fun to ride in that way. But the little boy, being older and larger than the little girl, makes his side too heavy; so a stone is found, and put in on the other side, and the equilibrium is restored. Now they are ready. The mule, with his precious burden, stands waiting in the corner of the court.

"Here is the load for the other horse," I said; "let us have it on at once."

Ahmet looked at it, and declared that it was too heavy. No horse could take such a load. He could n't abuse his poor creatures in that way. He had now sent his boy home with the lame horse, and also the one which the mule had replaced.

"The load is not too heavy," rejoined Hadji; "your horses often take more than that."

But Ahmet stoutly insisted on not putting too great a load upon his horse. So, to avoid further delay, we divided several articles among us, and tied them upon our own horses behind the saddles. Now all that was left was put into the great leather bags, and swung over the back

of the remaining horse. The ladies were helped to their places. We all mounted — all but Ahmet.

"Where is your animal?" I said to him.

"Oh, I'll take care of myself."

Now it was very evident why he did n't wish the horse to be loaded too heavily. There was a good place to ride on the pack-saddle, between the two great leather bags. He would save the expense of a horse, or even of a donkey, for himself. But what were we to do? For a moment it seemed quite uncertain. Ahmet was expected to lead the mule. On his plan of riding it would be very difficult. But a little consultation decided the matter. Hadji kindly volunteered to help if needed. I could also assist in leading the mule, whenever Ahmet should find it impracticable. But he begs us not to feel troubled; he can take care of the mule. We set out. As we crowd through the gate into the street, many are the good wishes we hear from friends left behind. In accordance with venerable custom, these expressions of friendly interest take the form of short ejaculatory prayers for a safe and pleasant journey. We find our-

selves between two high walls, about ten feet apart. These are built of small stones and mud. A part of the wall serves for the sides of the houses joining the street, and a part for one side of the courts belonging to these houses. We can usually tell which part belongs to a house, and which to its court, by means of the gate opening into the court, and the little holes that answer for windows, belonging of course to the house. These windows are very high above the ground, so that no one may look into them. They are usually one or two feet square, have no glass, but, in winter, are covered with oiled paper, and are furnished with iron bars, like the windows of a prison. Thus there is a continuous wall on either side of us. We can't look out of this passage-way, except where some old building has fallen down, or another street enters the one we are in. We can't see very far, either ahead of us or behind us, because the streets are so crooked. Smoothly worn cobble-stones constitute their pavement. Now, in the month of September, these are dry; in the winter, they are exceedingly sticky. The roofs of the houses are flat, covered with earth, and con-

nected with the court by a flight of stone steps. Around the edge is a very low parapet of stone, so low that it does not always prevent the little children from falling off. Many of these roofs are contiguous, so that persons frequently go quite long distances without being obliged to descend to the ground. The houses between which we now pass, are mostly of one story and have one or two rooms each — being of the poorer class. Their occupants — the women and children — have gone upon the roof to look down upon us as we pass by. Some are our neighbors; these, for the most part, salute us very pleasantly. But soon we enter streets where the people know little of us. They only know that we are foreigners, to be despised. Their salutations are of a different kind. They talk insultingly; they laugh and giggle; they make themselves very jolly at our expense; they spit upon our ladies; they throw down dirt and small stones; they say, "See! see! There are women with only one foot!" Having just passed a group of these women and children, a stone of considerable size strikes my wife in the back. It will do no good to stop and try to find the person

who threw it. So we go on. I lead the mule with the baskets. Hadji keeps close beside me, wherever the width of the street will allow it. The ladies follow. Mr. Lane comes next, with Ahmet in the rear. Turning to observe how our friend from America was enjoying such a ride, I said to him, "You see how we are treated in these streets."

"Yes," was the quick response, "and I wonder why you missionaries allow such things. Why don't you put some of these people through, and stop it?"

"That is a very natural question to ask. But we have tried again and again. When it becomes a little worse, we sometimes make a formal complaint, and get a promise of redress; but, if the government does anything to stop it for a time, it is soon forgotten. You must remember that you are not in America. But you have not seen the whole of it yet. There is a company of Turkish boys ahead. Hold still, and see what they will say to us."

"*Giaour! giaour! eet giaour! hunzīr! shopkâlu!*"

"What are they saying?"

"What do you think? 'Infidel, infidel, you infidel dog, you swine, you men with hats on.' They don't dare to try to do anything to us. We are too many; and then we have a Turk for our muleteer. But, by the way, where is Ahmet?"

We halt a moment, when he appears turning a corner a few rods in the rear, coming on foot behind his horse, which he is whacking with a long stick, and loading with a promiscuous heap of curses, mingled with the most foul and obscene epithets that it is possible for him to invent. What had been the trouble? The girth of the saddle had not been sufficiently tightened; one side of the load was somewhat heavier than the other, and, as a natural consequence, the rider had suddenly found himself on the ground. His pent-up and now distending anger must find vent. Thus is explained his unusual appearance, and the warmth of his language. He comes up, and finds a place where he can again spring upon his horse, then, while giving the guilty creature particular directions about behaving in the future, he pulls out his tobacco-box, and is ready to start on, as he makes another cigarette.

"As I was saying a moment ago," I continued, "we do what we can to escape abuse and injury in the streets. But since I have lived in Cesarea we have been able to accomplish but little. Once as I was going to church Sabbath morning, a dead cat was thrown at my head from the roof of a house. And, indeed, I can hardly remember going through these streets without receiving abuse from somebody — usually from small children. If you follow them up, find their parents and make complaint, they shrug their shoulders and reply, 'Don't mind it, it is only a child.' It was but a few days ago that I was riding, with the little girl in the basket there, before me on my horse, through an unfrequented part of this city, when a little Turkish girl, not more than six or seven years old, came out and stood before her father's door, as I passed; and what do you think she said? 'You great infidel dog, you little infidel dog, go to hell quick.' I am glad, Mr. Lane, that you don't understand the talk you hear in these streets.

"I have often thought respecting our ladies, that while they must live in this city, it is for-

tunate for them that they do not understand the meaning of all they hear of the 'filthy conversation of the wicked.' Their knowledge of the Turkish language does not include all the street slang. I think if it did, their souls would be vexed to a greater extent than was that of righteous Lot. But they get enough. And our children, as they grow up, get more. Why, the common, every-day talk of the people here, especially the lower classes of the Moslem population — in the house, in the street, in the market, everywhere — boys and girls, men and women together — is often such that it cannot be repeated."

"Here are some better-looking houses — they seem to stand upon the wall of the street," interrupted Mr. Lane.

"Yes, there are a great many very good houses here; but you don't see much of them as you pass along. If there is anything pleasant or good, it is carefully shut out from the street, which, you observe, is only a kind of back-alley, made to communicate with each man's door. No one ever thinks of trying to make it pleasant for those who travel in it. There is nothing for

the public here. There is nothing in common. These old Oriental cities are a perfect outward manifestation of the natural selfishness of the human heart. And no private individual, though he may desire it, can do much for the public good. He is constantly obliged to exert himself to the utmost in self-defence. Many of these better houses which you see, have pleasant courts and neat, comfortable rooms — many good things after their kind; but these things are shut in, and out of sight. It is the second story of some of them that we see appearing above the street-wall. This is for summer use, and contains an abundance of windows. But ordinarily these windows have no glass, only wooden shutters. They admit the flocks of sparrows, which, in the winter, are sure to take possession."

"Do you always have so many dogs in the street?"

"Of course. And they are not altogether a nuisance. They are our scavengers. We are glad, however, that no more of them are dead. The live dogs can get out of the way. Then, in some respects, they are much pleasanter

companions than the dead dogs. These latter are always left in the middle of the street, or somewhere near at hand. Indeed, we have an illustration of what I am saying right ahead there, on that dunghill. You can see for yourself."

"I don't need to see, — the wind comes from that way. Let us hurry up. The East has its sweet perfumes; but this air is a little too much perfumed. I hope you don't have such as this in these streets very often."

"Only when a dog or some other animal dies. But look ahead of us. What are we going to meet? Those donkeys are small enough, but their loads are about as wide as the street. How we are to pass such moving heaps of briars and sharp sticks, seems to me to be a problem that we have n't yet solved."

"I've solved it many times, and I think we shall succeed again. But we must look out for a place for the baskets. They take up more than half of the street, and those loads of faggots seem to occupy about the whole. Here is the widest place; let us stop in a close, straight line here, next to this side. Ladies, look out for

your dresses now, while these brush heaps pass us! But we must be careful and not get too near the wall, or our feet may be served as one of Balaam's was, when he was riding in a place similar to this."

Except a hard scratching on the side of one of the baskets, and some hooking of briers into the ladies' dresses, the brush heaps got past without doing us injury.

"And what now is ahead of us?" again asks Mr. Lane. "What are we coming to?"

"These are what we call the markets. Here are the shops of the artisans and the traders."

"But what a horrid din! What are they making here?"

"Copper ware. This whole street, and one or two more on either side, are devoted exclusively to this kind of work. Large quantities of copper dishes are made here and carried to all the towns and villages about us. You see how they do it. One takes a solid piece of copper, and hammers and hammers away upon it, till he has made a pitcher, a ewer, a pot for the kitchen, or perhaps a table."

"Well, may we soon get through this place.

Your wish that we might not hear and understand will be gratified if we are obliged to subject our ears very long to such a noise as this."

The path between the shops is extremely narrow, and we get along through as best we can. Some of the young Turks, who sit there with their hammers in their hands, look up at the ladies as they pass, with a peculiar look; and they make remarks of which it is not necessary to speak. We pass other workmen on either side the way. In one place they are making pack-saddles; in another horseshoes and nails, — strange-looking shoes, consisting simply of a flat piece of iron with a hole in the middle; in another street are grocers, fruitsellers, butchers, confectioners, dealers in the little red fez, with a block, ever kept hot, for pressing over old ones, barbers, shoemakers, and tailors, together with many others — petty traders, who deal in little notions of every kind. Having squeezed through these parallel rows of shops, with all their clatter and confusion, our horses' feet ever stepping near, and perhaps upon, the tools, if not also the toes, of cobblers and tink-

ers, whose only place of business is a place to sit beside somebody's door — but at the same time carefully avoiding injury to the dogs that persist in keeping their places, and sleeping, if they choose, in the middle of the narrow path; having thus successfully emerged from what might well seem to one accustomed to wide and passable streets, an impassable way, we approach the somewhat more pretentious markets where dry goods are sold. These consist of several very long, narrow stone buildings, open at the ends, intersecting each other at various points, and all covered with one continuous arch. They may be best described as connected tunnels, built above ground. There are small windows to which the light is admitted somewhat in a sunny day. The shops are on either side of the path, under the arch. These are simple stalls, on an average some ten or twelve feet square, and during the day are entirely open in front. The floor is a platform, raised about two feet above the ground. Around the sides are shelves for goods. A small door often opens to rooms further back. On this raised floor is spread a rug, and on the rug sits

the merchant. He rarely rises. His little boy takes down the goods, and puts them back, and runs on errands. By his side is a small chest, in which he keeps his money. On this box, or on the floor near it, is a small account book, and a pen and ink. In the merchant's mouth is a cigarette; or else, drawn up to his lips, is the end of a long stick, having a hole through the middle and a pipe bowl on the other end, from which rises the same kind of smoke that is constantly escaping from his mouth and nose; or, if neither of these, there is held in his hand a tube, one end of which goes occasionally to his mouth, while the other end communicates with some water in a kind of bottle that stands on the floor, and has, where the cork should be, a little pile of Persian tobacco, bearing up a coal of fire, and allowing its smoke to be drawn down through a short tube into the water that covers the end of the long one held in the hand. This contrivance is called a *nârgeleh*; the long, straight stick, with a pipe bowl at the end, a *chibook*. In these three methods of smoking the seller of goods contrives to improve all his spare moments. Sometimes one way seems to

him the more agreeable, and sometimes another. He is able to carry on this business and also the dry goods business at the same time. There is no inconvenience in doing the two things at once, except occasionally, when it becomes necessary to talk a long while respecting the value of an article to be disposed of; then the cigarette, which has been temporarily laid on the money-box, often goes out. In that case it must be lighted again. If the chibook or nargeleh is being used, the coal of fire may have ceased to do efficient service; then the boy must be despatched, with a small pair of tongs in his hand, to get another, from a man in the street, who keeps, for making the coffee which he sells, a little furnace of burning charcoal.

It was to the opening, at one of the several ends of this strange building, that we now approached. Under the arch, so far as could be discerned, there was a crowd of people.

"What! you are not going to take us right through a dry goods store on horseback, are you?" exclaimed Mr. Lane, as we came up to the narrow entrance.

"You shall see," I replied. "I think we

can get through. At any rate, there is no other road for us."

And so we entered one end of the "dry goods store." We kept on. But we were often obliged to wait for the people to divide, and make room for our cavalcade, and especially for the mule with the widely extending baskets. We had gone about half way through, when Hadji suddenly called out, "Stop! there 's a train of camels coming. That 's too bad. What can we do now, Bodville?"

"Let us wait a minute. I think they 'll turn to the left there. They are evidently loaded with flour; and the flour market is over on that side. If they do come this way, we shall have to back out in some style or other. But let us see. Yes, they are going over there. Come on; let us get through now."

At last we emerged from the "dry goods store." But the street is hardly wider, the cobble-stone pavements are rougher, and the filth more noticeable. We go on a few steps, when "Stop" — "wait" — "hold on" — and other similar admonitory expressions, proceed from a full chorus of voices in my rear. I look around

to observe the situation. My mule has detached himself from the halter, which I still continue to hold.

"Hadji, have you a string in your pocket? We must tie up this broken halter."

We dismount, make the necessary repairs, and go on.

"How are your saddles, ladies? Do they seem all right?"

"Yes, pretty well," was the response.

"Mine, however, seems a little loose," added Mrs. Giles. "But perhaps it will not turn."

"It won't do to have a 'perhaps' in such a matter as this," I said. "We don't care to see you trying to imitate our muleteer."

We all stop again, and the saddle-girth is tightened.

"What are those two women doing there?" asked Mr. Lane. "They seem to be keeping stroke as they pound with two big, long-headed beetles."

"That is just what they are doing. They are pounding partially-boiled wheat, in that great stone mortar. You will see those mortars — each one for the use of a neighborhood — at several of

the street corners. You would n't think it impossible 'to bray a fool' in such a thing as that, would you?"

"Well, I don't know; but it does n't seem as if it would be very hard to find one for that purpose, at all events. How can the people live and breathe through the whole year, in such a place as this?"

"There is a great deal in getting used to things, you know."

"Yes, yes, it must be so; *you* are alive yet. But there are more camels coming. They have riders instead of loads. What is going on?"

"I 'll tell you in a moment. But first let us find places where we can stand aside, and let them pass. Right ahead, the street is a little wider. Let us range ourselves there and wait. You, ladies, come in behind us, and keep your horses as near to the wall as possible." The great animals come alongside, and crowd past us. They are literally covered with boys and young men, as many as eight or nine on each. They cling to the pack-saddle, neck, tail, or any other part of the animal, where they may hold on. They are singing, screaming, laughing, and

shouting. Some of the camels, however, are loaded with various household utensils; among other things, a *mongol*, or pan to hold burning coals for heating a room, a ewer and pitcher, kettles, a large, flat disk, which is to be used as a table — all these of bright copper; also a rude chest, carved, and painted green, and having a very heavy iron lock, together with some articles of female apparel, strangely made up, yet bright with embroidery of silk and gold thread, and of many fancy colors.

Mr. Lane's eager eyes gave urgency to his question before the noise had sufficiently subsided to allow me to add, "There must be a wedding-feast somewhere among these Turkish families this week. They are now carrying the bride's dowry. We never see camels ridden here, except on these occasions. In this part of the country they are used only as beasts of burden. If we had passed along this way one day later, perhaps we might have seen them carrying the bride herself. She will then go to her boy-husband's house — or, rather, to his father's. She will be borne in a closely-covered sedan chair, supported by long poles, which are

made to rest on the backs of two horses — one before and the other behind. She will be carried thus, till near her future home, when young gallants, such as you now see clinging to these camels, will thrust the horses one side, put their own shoulders under the poles, and thus convey the prize to her expectant lord. Now these processions are in the daytime. Once they were in the night; and it is said that it was at the risk of his life sometimes that a *giaour*, or non-Mussulman, met them. The enthusiastic young men would brandish their swords along the streets, and *just for fun* try their edge on any poor fellow they might happen to meet. A great change has taken place since those days. Then a company like ourselves would hardly have been allowed *to ride* through these streets. We should have had the privilege of finding our way on foot amid this jostling crowd. Then the poor Christians lived in much greater fear of their Moslem neighbors than they do now. I have heard it said that when two Turks chanced to meet an Armenian or a Greek, riding horseback, they would bid him stop, and, drawing their pistols, one would order him to dismount,

or he would shoot him ; the other would tell him *not* to dismount, or *he* would shoot him. So they would frighten and torment the poor man, if they did not actually kill him. During the Crimean war an English major came to this city as a recruiting officer. Some of the old-fashioned, fanatical Turks required him to dismount, as he was riding through these streets. He drew his revolver and gave them to understand that it would not be a very safe thing for them to touch his horse's bridle. In those days Englishmen were held in great fear, if not in respect. So that man taught these people a lesson. They have learned many others besides, within the last thirty years. You think that there is now sufficient danger of insult and abuse in these streets, but the old-time arrogance has been greatly toned down. The Moslems have accepted many changes. And it is characteristic of them, when they have once made a change, to abide by it, without thought of going back to the old. Any new proposal is always objected to ; but, if the new thing be once accepted, that is the last of the opposition. It comes to be as much a matter of course as if it had always been."

"If that is a characteristic of this people," interrupted Mr. Lane, "may it not be that when they once perceive and embrace the truth, they will be some of the most firm defenders of it?"

"It is to be hoped so. We are now passing what, in the language of the people, is called 'the palace.' But you would hardly suspect its being a palace. Within this ancient enclosure is the dwelling-house of our* pashâ, or governor, the public buildings, where all governmental business is transacted, and a prison. These premises have an exceedingly old and mean look. Everything is in process of tumbling down. Nothing is ever repaired. If on anything a few traces of originally good workmanship may be discovered, you may know that is old — whatever looks meanest is newest. Within the rooms of this palace the governor and his *medjlisses*, or council boards, sit to do justice and judgment after the Turkish idea of it. We often have to come here; but it is always an unpleasant duty. Before we get around home, you may have an opportunity to

* The word pashâ is not the name of any particular officer, but is a title. There are many grades of pashâs.

see a little of what it often is to us, to try to get justice done in Turkey."

"Excuse me for interrupting, but what are these men carrying on their shoulders? It looks as if they had a pile of long, thin, narrow cakes, baked on the hearth."

"Precisely so. That's our kind of bread. It was broken or cut, when it came on our table, so that you did n't perceive the shape of the loaves. They make them thus long and narrow here in Cesarea. In some places they are round or flattened. Many times they are very thin. A great variety of bread is made in these cities and villages in the interior of Asia Minor. You will see it on our way, and perhaps that is all *you* will want to do. Some of it, however, is very sweet and good when new, though made of coarse flour. In a few places, where I have been, the women are in the habit of baking their bread in sheets not much thicker than common wrapping-paper. Once I counted the layers, that, as it was folded, I was biting off and eating with my soup — there were twenty-four! Much of the bread made in the villages is of about the thickness of common pie-crust. I hope to let you see, some day, how that is baked."

"Is this the oven that we are passing?"

"Yes; one of the many public ovens of this city. Here the people ordinarily have no place for baking in their houses. So they bring their dough to these great, flat-bottomed ovens, which are heated much as our grandmothers used to heat their brick ovens in the fireplace; these, however, have the flue, or chimney, at the further end."

"Don't you have any oven at all in your house?"

"We brought a small cook-stove from America; but we don't use it much. We conform to the customs of the people, so far as we can without injury to health, or our best usefulness. Our bread is baked in such an oven as this. The difficulty is in getting good flour. It is all coarse, black, and full of grit."

"But you have some good things here. I noticed immense piles of watermelons and grapes, as we came through the markets."

"Yes, the grapes are abundant, and of great value. But the watermelons are nearly all gathered before they are ripe. I presume that of all those great heaps, not a dozen melons are

fully ripe. The people here gather a great share of their fruits and vegetables while they are green."

"Why so?"

"I can't tell you. It is a peculiarity, I think, of this part of the country. The reason that the people would give you, if they could think of any, would be that their grandfathers did so. But I suppose the custom originated in the danger there is, that what you produce in your fields, if allowed to remain, may be carried off by the lawless people around you. Once Mr. Farnsworth wrote to America for squash seeds. A nice variety was sent him. The squashes were tended with great care, watered, and brought to full maturity. They were the pride of the garden, and, to the children, were suggestive of Thanksgiving. They also awakened very peculiar feelings of kindness and sympathy in the hearts of the neighbors, who could see them over the high wall; for, as they remained ungathered, these friends relieved the owners entirely of the trouble of harvesting them."

"Are all of the women veiled like these we are now meeting?"

"All the Mohammedan women, when they go into the street. They put on a large white cloth, like a sheet, which envelops their whole person, as you see, except their eyes. Their nearest friends cannot recognize them. The veil is worn in different ways in different parts of the country. In this city and vicinity, it is only this one large piece of cloth, with no separate covering for the face. The Christian women, especially the older ones, tie up the lower part of their face with a handkerchief; and, on going into the street, put on a shawl, which is made also to cover the head. In some places, Sivas, for instance, they wear the white covering, like the Turkish women."

"Well, if that is n't a convenient way of working!" exclaimed Mr. Lane. "There is a man weighing a quantity of watermelons by putting them in one scale and the weight in the other, while he holds up the whole in his hands!"

"Yes, everything, excepting the very heavy articles, is weighed in that fashion. The weigher must lift twice the weight of the article weighed; and often many times before he gets

it right. As you go among the shops, you are constantly hearing the old iron scales, as they come down thump upon the floor. I don't wonder they are glad to let go suddenly sometimes."

"What are those long, flat, black pods that I see in the shops?"

"They are the fruit of the carob tree; that is, 'the husks that the swine did eat.' The poor people make an article of food of them. They are very cheap, although brought from a considerable distance."

"I wish you would get some now, Papa; I like them," was said entreatingly from one of the baskets. So I dismount to make the purchase. But Hadji, perceiving what I am about to do, gets before me, buys about two cents' worth, and throws them into the baskets. Beside us, as we pass, is a company of little, dirty, half-clothed children, playing with the small bones that come from the feet of sheep, much as if they were marbles. Some of them, as they stand and stare at us, are eating cucumbers, which they devour without paring, just as American children often eat apples. Near by are

some women engaged in mixing fine straw with fresh manure, by treading it in with their bare feet. As soon as they have a small pile of it, they tread it into a hoop, much like a common cheese-hoop, to which a rope is attached, and another party of women, standing above them on the roof of a house, draw it up, push it out with their hands, and put it away to dry. So the process will be repeated till all the manure is worked up.

"What are these women doing?" asked our American friend, ever displaying his ignorance of the arts and sciences of the East.

"They are laying up a supply of fuel," I said.

"What! you don't mean to say that they burn manure?"

"Certainly. Yet not a very large portion of the people of this city do so. In many of the villages, manure, dried in this manner, or by being made into little cakes, and plastered on the side of the house — usually stuck on with the bare hand so as to leave the finger marks — constitutes, together with a few dried weeds and briers, nearly all the fuel that is burned. You will probably, on this journey, have the pleasure

of seeing your food cooked with it. Here the people usually burn charcoal; if, indeed, they have anything to burn. Many of the poorer class have very little fuel of any kind. In the extreme of winter, they can often get only enough to do a little cooking over a pan of coals; there is no warmth perceptible from this fire. They often cover it up with bedclothes — held up by a little frame — and under these they thrust their feet, while sitting around, and so try to keep them warm. At the same time, the air in the room is as cold and frosty as if there were no fire at all in it. Except in the hottest weather, I am obliged to wear thick underclothing, with a heavy overcoat, in visiting these people at their houses. They have always lived thus in the cold, and have hardly thought of the possibility of being comfortable in the winter. Many a time I have seen the children in such houses, with the backs of their hands puffed up with the cold."

"But what is that group of women, there by the fountain, doing?"

"They are doing their washing. They bring their clothes, with a bit of soap, to any place

THE CALL TO PRAYER. (See page 73.)

where there is a little stream of water, and either pound them out with a club, upon a stone, or else tread them with their bare feet. You see these are doing the latter. They wash their clothes in the same way, even in the very coldest weather. Not every family, however. Many have conveniences for washing in their own houses."

"Why are these streets left so filthy? are they never swept?"

"Many of the better part of the people are careful to keep the street swept before their own gate; but this quarter here is very dirty; these streets are never swept, except by the plague, as Grattan Geary says of Bushire."

"That man on the minaret yonder must have a wonderful voice; he is at quite a distance from us."

"Yes, nearly half a mile, I should say. He calls to prayer from that high minaret five times every day; and when the weather is favorable, I think he is heard by nearly all the people in the city. These men, here beside us, you observe, are getting ready to say their prayers. See! that old man there is already beginning.

He has spread his mat, and is turning his face towards the south — that is, towards Mecca. He will soon begin to kneel, and to put his face to the ground, while he mumbles certain words and phrases in the Arabic tongue ; and so now once more he goes through the same motions and says the same words that he has been repeating five times a day for forty or fifty years."

"The others, beside him, seem to be washing themselves."

"They are going through the ceremony of washing some parts of their bodies ; that must always precede their praying. They touch the water to their heads, eyes, ears, mouth, and hands, and they must also wash their feet. Sometimes they go to the fountain, and, taking off their shoes and stockings, dip their feet into the water, even though it be midwinter. They generally use, however, a coarse earthen pitcher, with a long, slender nose, such as you see these men have in their hands. Such an article, for holding and pouring water, is found in every house, and is used constantly everywhere."

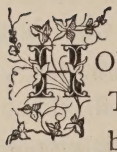
"I cannot but notice," continued Mr. Lane, "that a shadow of sadness seems to rest on every

face I meet. There appear to be no happy people here. But it is certainly enough to make any one unhappy to live in a place like this."

"Yes, indeed; but it is not the place alone. The people have been crushed by long centuries of oppression. With few exceptions, they aspire to nothing higher or better than what has been. Large numbers live much like animals — content if their bodily wants are supplied. They have settled down into a kind of chronic gloominess. As to the Turk, he is by nature a very grave being. The nominal Christians are of a more elastic temperament. They are more given to hilarity. On occasions, this is excessive. But this joyousness is simply on the surface. On the whole, they are a sad people, for they are a greatly wronged, a grievously ill-treated people."

CHAPTER III.

THE OPEN AIR.



OW delightful to get out of the city! This is such air as God has made to be breathed. We can now travel side by side in the road. Instead of its being ten feet wide, it has become ten miles wide. It is all road here. Yet there are well-worn paths amid the fields and old graveyards. We take one that leads in a southwesterly direction, towards a pass, among and over the high hills that cluster around the foot of Mt. Argeus.

Mr. Lane looked to the right hand, and to the left hand, before him and behind him, then inquired, "Are there nothing but graveyards around this city?"

"Yes, something else. For instance, just out there you see a place containing the unburied dead. There are the bones of the horses and donkeys, that, having served their generation,

were dragged out here to feed the starving dogs, the vultures, and other birds, such as we now see flying over our heads. The bones of the dead people lie under the ground, except, perhaps, a few that the hyenas may have pulled up; while the bones of their dead animals lie on the surface."

"But there is a graveyard in which the headstones are laid down; how is that?"

"That is a Christian yard. None but Moslems are allowed to *erect* a gravestone."

"But why didn't the Christians put their yard on the other side of the city, away from their Mohammedan neighbors."

"They would then have been no farther away. The Turks have their cemeteries on every side. The city of the dead is much more populous than the city of the living."

"What is that little party of men coming across, towards us?"

"Let us halt a moment, that you may see them. You notice that two of them are carrying something, stretched on a board which rests on their shoulders. That is a corpse in a winding-sheet. They are Turks, and so they come

silently. If they were Greeks or Armenians, their priests would attend them, softly chanting their prayers. Only the men — no women — come to the grave, you see. In that respect, it is just the same with the nominal Christians also. The women stay in the house, rending the air with their shrieks, beating their breasts, and tearing off their hair, as the deceased friend is borne from them. Professional mourners are hired to come in and aid them in making a noise — screaming, trying to hold on to the dead, and turning everything into wild confusion. It is only at Protestant funerals that we find anything like order and quietness. They have learned to bury their dead just as we do at home; and they now also begin to use coffins. There is the Protestant burying-ground, upon the hillside yonder. Like all the rest here, it remains uninclosed. It is a rough, unsightly place; but sacred to the missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth have made four little graves there, side by side. They brought some headstones from America; but they have never dared to put them up. They would probably be stolen, or broken to pieces, like the marble tablet that was

placed over the grave of Rev. Elnathan Gridley, the first American missionary to come to this place. He was buried in the village of Enderlik, at the foot of the hill yonder. His gravestone has been broken into fragments and carried off by those who supposed there must be some medicinal virtue in it — he being an unusually holy man."

"What an idea! But do we find no enclosed cemeteries in this country?"

"Oh yes, very many. But see; they have come to the grave. The body, as it is wrapped, will now be laid in contact with the bare earth, and buried up at once. Perhaps, however, we had better start on; we don't want to seem to be staring at them."

"What are these gravestones intended to represent? The tops of them look a little like the turbans of the aged Turks we saw in the city."

"It is evidently an attempt to represent the headdress of the person buried. Such is the common practice in this country. Even the violent death, like hanging or decapitation, to which the deceased was subjected, is sometimes indicated on the tombstone."

As we pass out from among the old burying places, our journey, for three or four miles across the plain, is very delightful. All the world seems to smile upon us. Yet there is nothing to be found in our condition, our manner of travelling, the road, or its surroundings, especially adapted to make one happy. What is the occasion of our common joyousness? This question being proposed to our party, one of the ladies suggested that it is chiefly our present condition as related to the past that makes us either happy or unhappy. In a land where suffering and deprivation are the common experience, a little good of the most ordinary kind serves to make the heart glad. So, many things are accounted comforts, and are sufficient to make us happy here, which would be little thought of in a land of Christian civilization and plenty.

Our reflections upon this state of the case were interrupted by Mr. Lane.

"Do all the people of this country use tobacco as freely as those that I have chanced to meet?"

"Not all. Yet there are many that use more.

As a rule, they are intolerable smokers. Some take snuff, but they never chew. Their use of tobacco is more cleanly than that of Americans. They never spit on the floor. Ladies' dresses, though they chance to be long, are not made a mop of the tobacco juice that some self-supposed gentleman is squirting around him. When these people smoke in the house, they are careful to put the ashes from their cigarettes in little pans kept for the purpose. In regard to neatness — not to say decency — in the use of tobacco, they may well teach those who boast of a purer Christianity and a higher civilization, many important lessons. Yet they injure themselves greatly by the use of it. This is especially true of the Turks. They keep their lungs filled with smoke. Dr. West, of Sivas, who has now practised medicine about fourteen years in this country and is very extensively acquainted with the people, told me that he had not yet found a Turk, above forty-five, who was not troubled with a cough, occasioned by his use of tobacco."

We now meet a company of men — Turks and Armenians — going to the city to sell flour. They are driving a great number of donkeys,

each having a bag laid across its pack-saddle. These men are all armed. Some carry old muskets of a strange pattern — very long, with flint locks; others have rusty swords, others still are burdened with immense pistols. Each has some sort of a large knife about his person. They are simple villagers, and are armed, not for attack, but for defence. Salutations are profuse: "May you have a good journey;" "May the auguries be propitious;" "May you be in God's keeping." One of these salutations, however, differs from all the rest. As the Turks meet their brother Moslem, our muleteer, they say to him, "Peace be unto you;" he replies, "And unto you be peace." A most beautiful salutation, but never given to us, or to any non-Mussulman. The Turks are very strict in this matter. The Arabs, though of the same religion, are more liberal.

"Are all the Turks, in pecuniary matters, and in making bargains, like this — your muleteer?" was the next question proposed by our inquisitive Yankee companion.

"No, not every one. They are not all alike, of course, any more than other people. And so

far as my observation extends, the greater share of the simple peasantry among the Mohammedan population, in respect to what they themselves regard as honesty and uprightness, are quite equal to any other class of people in the country, except those whose hearts have been changed by the grace of God. They are very likely to give you just weight and measure, without your being obliged to watch them. This is a part of their religion. The religion of the Greek or the Armenian does not practically hold him under any such restraint. Yet in making a bargain with the Turk, as with all others, in a land like this, you must look out for yourself. You will find that many things are held to be legitimate stock in trade, which you would never think of using as such. It is nothing to tell a lie when making a bargain. Deception is supposed to be a part of every man's skill in conducting business. Others' ignorance and circumstances are always to be taken advantage of. As everybody practises such sharpness, if one is found who does not, he is thought to manifest a great want of understanding of his own interests. He foolishly throws away his

opportunities. So a man palms off upon you what he can get *you* to take. If your eyes are not open, that is *your* business. You should have known better. He is only saving what he can. Kindred to this feeling is that which prompts the people to demand a bakshesh, or gift, for acts of simple humanity. This is very common. Once my horse escaped from my hand and ran up the street. A man caught it as it was passing, and when I came up he demanded a gift for the good deed he had done me. I expected to pay it. If I did not, no one would stop my horse next time, no matter how serious the consequences to myself."

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Giles. "I once lost a small English book near our gate. Some one of the neighbors saw it and caught it up. I was afterwards made to understand where it could be found. And I also understood how large a present was expected for it. I didn't think the book worth the money demanded, and so I lost it. It could do the finder no good."

"I should think you would go and demand your things and take them."

"Sometimes we can do so; as once when

some of our neighbors decoyed our children's doves into one of their houses; but ordinarily it will do little good to attempt to act in accordance with any such standards of right and justice, not understood by them. The way to teach them is to set them an example of something different and better. This is the important work which our Protestant communities are beginning to do in this country. Those among them who are true Christians, and are learning to act in accordance with the golden rule, are already a great power for good. Their light appears the more brilliant because shining in so dark a place. They are becoming as a city set on a hill. They cannot be hid. Their very existence among these ignorant masses preaches effective sermons every day of the week."

We now begin to ascend the hill over which our road winds among the higher hills on either side. We gain a view of all the plain, and the city standing upon it. Talas appears on the slightly rising ground, at the foot of the mountains, to the southeast of Cesarea.

"Why should the city have been built down there, instead of on the hillside, with good air

and water?" asks our friend, to whom everything is new and strange.

"The Turks put it there," I said. "They have done a similar thing in almost every instance. In building the old cities anew, they have removed them from their former sites, which were usually the higher ground, down to the level plains. I don't know why. It is certainly much to be regretted. I recall a notable instance of such folly. The present city of Aidin, a little below Ephesus, stands on a low, unhealthy plain, where, in the summer, the heat is intolerable. The site of the old city — the ancient Tralles — is just above, some three or four hundred feet more elevated, on a well-watered, airy, and level plateau, overlooking all that most beautiful and fertile plain, through which the Meander wanders — as grand a situation as the imagination can well picture."

"What are these little conical hills that I see all around the horizon? They seem to be not a part of the natural ground, but artificial."

"So, doubtless, they are. Let some one, who has more time and money than we missionaries, come and dig them open, and see what is inside.

It is said that there are no less than two hundred in this neighborhood. Some are so large that it does not seem as if they could possibly be the débris of old cities and temples; on the other hand, it would be a strange freak of nature to make them just as they are now found."

"Indeed it would. I wish somebody would dig into one of them, at least. I suppose the Turks would have no objection."

"Well, they might have. In regard to all such matters, they simply play the part of the dog in the manger. They themselves neither know nor care; and they are not desirous that anybody should know or care. But now I wish you to look at something else. Do you not see several little round or octagonal buildings, scattered here and there on the plain around the city, and also some within the city itself?"

"Yes, I see them. What are they?"

"They are probably tombs, and are very curious structures. They are usually from twenty to thirty feet high, with a floor elevated several feet above the ground. Some have but one door, on the east or northeast side; more, how-

ever, have two, a few of them four. Their roofs are arched or conical."

"Why build a tomb in that way?"

"In times gone by, a class of anchorite dervishes used to live in such places, and say prayers for those who resorted to them. Please bear this in mind, and some day, when we wish to beguile away the time on the road, I will ask Hadji to tell us a story respecting one of them."

"Why not do it now?" asked one of the ladies.

"Because I think we shall need it more by and by. We must be sparing of our rations, so as not to go hungry at last, you know. Besides, we have enough to talk about just now."

"Well, then, tell us more about Cesarea. I have been here several years, and yet have never had a very definite account of the city that I live in."

"Cesarea was anciently called Mazaca, and was the capital of Cappadocia. It was taken by the Romans in the reign of Tiberius, and, in honor of that emperor, received its present name. To distinguish it from other cities of

CESAREA. (See page 89.)

the same name, and because it was then built on the side of the hill at the base of this mountain, it was called Cesarea ad Argeum. It is not without its share in ancient history. On all hands its antiquity is admitted to be very great. Josephus says that Mesech, sixth son of Japheth, was the father of the Cappadocians; and, in proof of this, he cites the fact that their chief city was then called Mazaca, a name by which the whole nation was once known. We also have similar testimony from Strabo. I do not think it impossible that one of the sons of Japheth came to this place and founded a city. This high mountain peak, seen so far from every side, would be likely to attract to its base the first wanderers in this region.

"It is evident that this city was once quite populous. When taken by Sapor, in the third century, it is said to have contained four hundred thousand inhabitants. It has also been the theatre of important events in ecclesiastical history. Here was born and here was buried the great Basil. To this place Gregory the Illuminator was brought when two years of age. Here he was consecrated bishop of Armenia,

Gregory of Nyssa, a younger brother of Basil, lived just over the hill yonder. And also the home of Gregory Nazianzen was not far away.

"I need not say, as it is all before our eyes, that this is a very homely city, and meanly built. Indeed, it has n't a single redeeming feature. The old wall, which you see extends through the midst of the houses, and once surrounded a part of them, has an unwritten history; but was probably built by the Saracens."

"When was missionary work commenced here?"

"The Bible was first brought to this city by Mr. Benjamin Barker, an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It is in Armeno-Turkish, and was printed by the Russian Bible Society. It is now in the possession of Mr. Farnsworth. I have already referred to Rev. Elnathan Gridley, as the first missionary of the American Board to come to Cesarea. This was in 1827. He died in a little more than a month after his arrival. Twelve years later two Protestants, who had come out from the Armenian church, were banished to this place from Constantinople. Like Paul, they preached the Gos-

pel in their bonds, and not a few were added to the number of the enlightened. Six years subsequent to this, a priest, because he had preached salvation through the blood of Christ, was taken from an old monastery, near Constantinople, and sent on hither. It was afterwards reported of him that he 'had seduced many.' Thus some, who were scattered abroad by the persecution that arose about the new way, came here preaching the word. Much of the good seed fell by the wayside, much in shallow ground, and much among thorns; but some fell into good ground, and that is now bringing forth fruit; if not a hundred, at least sixty and thirty fold."

Continuing for some time this talk about the city that we were leaving behind us, we come to the rough, rocky hills, among which are many little valleys and level patches.

"What are these fields, surrounded by such high cobble-stone walls?" asked Mr. Lane.

"These are vineyards, owned by people in the city. You notice that they are full of grape-vines."

"What! these low, shrub-like bunches of green, standing in rows like hills of corn?"

"Yes; so they raise the grape. They prune the vines in the spring — cutting them, one would think, almost entirely away. Then under the large new shoots, thus sent up every year, the clusters are found."

"Do the owners come here to live? There seem to be little houses in some of these vineyards."

"They come in the summer. You can imagine how much pleasanter it is to live here than shut up amid the offensive smells of the narrow lanes, from which we have just emerged. But there is one drawback. It is not always safe, especially for the Christians. You, of course, did not understand what Hadji was telling me the half hour that we conversed together while coming across the plain. He said that last evening a company of large rowdyish boys — Turks — came to a house which stands alone just over this hill, broke it open, and forcibly carried off the young wife of a Greek, who is living there. Towards morning, they brought her back."

"Does n't the Greek prosecute them?"

"Yes, I understand the fellows are already

arrested. If this injured man can prove anything, as against the testimony of Moslems, the young rascals will be put in prison. But what of that? Perhaps it will be three days, and perhaps a week, before some wealthy, and so influential, friends of theirs, will go and say to the government: 'For our sake, forgive the boys. They are young, and we must make allowance for them. We will guarantee their good behavior in the future.' That will be the extent of their punishment. There is more security for the Mussulmans; but do you wonder that the subject peoples live in constant fear?"

While this conversation was going on, Hadji was having an interesting talk with the ladies respecting the fine openings for work in some of the villages which he had recently visited, in the vicinity of Gemerek, about half way from Cesarea to Sivas.

Having reached that point in the road which commands the best view of Argeus, as well as of the many smaller mountains on every side, we halt and dismount for lunch. The children have come without discomfort, the little girl having slept nearly all the way. For inducing

sleep, the motion of the mule under the baskets, is almost as good as that of a cradle.

"This is a good place for stopping," remarked Hadji.

He said this with no reference to the view thus afforded us, but rather to the opportunity of seeing the road, and the surrounding country on every side. Travellers in Turkey have long been in the habit of selecting such places for making a halt, so that they may not be surprised by robbers coming unseen.

As we gazed on the grand old mountain before us, Mr. Lane asked, "How high is Argeus?"

"About nine thousand feet above the plain, which is four thousand above the level of the sea. You notice that the main peak is surrounded by smaller ones, and these by lesser round hills on every side. The natives have a story that, when the giant was bringing earth to build this mountain, he intended to have but one, and that much higher; but occasionally the bottom of his great basket would fall out, which accounts for the fact, and the present appearance, of the group. They have another tradition

which explains the reason why snow remains on the highest peak through the summer. When Father Noah was sailing around in his ark, the keel of the huge boat struck the top of Argeus, which occasioned a general commotion among the various passengers on board, and so ruffled the usually calm spirit of the good old gentleman himself, that he put his head out of the window, and, seeing the rock beneath the waves he cursed the mountain, dooming its summit to remain in the cold forever."

Our only visitor, while eating our lunch, was an aged negro, who came along and sat down on a stone beside the road. After begging of Ahmet tobacco for a cigarette, he became quite talkative, and told us much of his history. He could just remember having been taken from his home in Africa, and carried off by white men. He had been a slave till within a few years. At last his master died, and he was given his freedom. His branded cheeks confirmed his story.

"I perceive," remarked Mr. Lane, "that the negroes whom we meet here are not precisely like those we have in America."

"No, they are not just the same. I suppose

these have come rather from central Africa, and the eastern coast."

"Are there many slaves in this country?"

"Yes, a great many, although we see comparatively few of them here. There are black slaves and white slaves both. They are found in the houses of the more wealthy."

"How are they treated?"

"For the most part, quite kindly, I should judge. They are largely house-servants, nurses and waiters. When a girl is married, she not unfrequently has one or two slaves, as a part of her dowry. These are her own, and under her exclusive control. Her husband cannot take them from her hand."

"Somewhat as in the days of Leah and Rachel, I should say."

"Just the same."

We rest an hour, and then mount our horses for another ride. We hear a noise like bells, in the road before us. They sound like the old-fashioned cow-bells, which we once heard at home, only louder. It is plain now what is coming. A train of camels. They near us, patiently bearing their immense loads. They

DRAGOMAN AND CAMEL. (See page 97.)

are fastened together by tying the halter of one to the saddle of the next before him, while that of the foremost is held by a man riding a diminutive little donkey. The bells on their necks keep time with their measured strides. Now look at them. The protruding under lip, and the almost human eyes of the great heads, borne aloft on the long curved necks, the seemingly ill-proportioned bodies, remarkable chiefly for the surpassing measurement of the abdomen, the hind legs reaching almost to the elevated hump crowned with the tassels of the pack-saddle, the great, round feet, touching the ground without noise, the swaying loads, raised above the heads of passers by — these characteristics of camels bearing burdens impress the beholder, unaccustomed to the sight, with feelings akin to wonderment, if not of dread.

But these are soon past us, and we are descending the hill to the plain of Inja-Sû. We stop again — this time to drink from a spring. A stream of water cold and clear, and large enough to turn a common mill-wheel, issues from the side of the mountain. We pass the water in a cup — which we always keep in a

handy place on our journey — to those who prefer not to dismount. Starting once more, after a ride of four hours over a level plain of the richest soil, and most easily cultivated, and yet of such quality as to be fit for making a road, improving our time in conversation on a variety of topics, now in English, now in Turkish, we are at our stopping place for the night. The ladies and children — to say nothing of the rest of us — are very glad to stop. A ride of eight or nine hours on a journey is quite a different thing from half an hour's ride for recreation. The village at which we have arrived is one of a good deal more pretension than many others, for it has a khan for the accommodation of travellers. This is an old building, into the wide door of which we ride, and find ourselves in an open space called the court. Here amid camels, horses, donkeys, and mules, we dismount. The camels growl, the horses whinny, the donkeys bray, and the mules try to imitate the last two, but make a failure of it. The noise they contribute, though at first threatening to be a good deal, stops short very near where it begins. This is so much relief to our ears. At

such a time, we feel it to be our duty to be thankful for small favors. We go up a flight of stone steps to a rickety floor, made of rotten boards and cracks, alternating in irregular succession. We enter a side room, one of several, arranged directly over the stables which open from the ground floor. Our room has bare walls, and a floor that would be bare if it were swept. We engage another room beside this, of similar appearance, and so begin to prepare a home for the night. First our luggage of every kind is brought up. Some coarse reed mats are found, shaken, and thrown down; upon these, bedclothes and blankets. Our bags and bundles answer for chairs. The children are happy, looking down into the court, and watching the camels, as they sit on the ground and chew their cud, or are fed with cakes of dough made from bean flour, and thrown into their mouths by their master. As to the ladies, they are very tired, and recline wherever there is a place. Mr. Lane does the same. But soon he jumps up, and begins to walk about. I inquired the reason for such unusual activity. He said he was all right, only he preferred not

to lie down any longer. I laughed, and asked him if he was sorry I had brought a bedstead for his use. I now put up the bedsteads, which with their blankets, made seats for the company. As we are thus seated, a man enters with as many little cups of coffee as there are persons in our party. It had been ordered at the coffee-room, near the entrance from the street. We sip the black beverage, and feel the better for it. The ladies now rouse themselves up, and begin to inquire about supper.

"There are some eggs boiling down below, and I have ordered a quantity of the large white grapes that they have in this village," I said. "Perhaps we shall need no more to-night, as we have brought so much food."

"Is there no table to be found?"

"Yes, I 'll have one."

I look around, but can find no table. I go to the khan-keeper, and ask him for one. He calls a boy and directs him to fetch the needed article. We wait till our eggs are getting cold, and the children are beginning to ask, in varying tones, for something to eat, when the table arrives. It is a simple disk of boards about

three feet in diameter, with two short pieces, six or eight inches wide, set up edgewise for the legs. This is put upon the floor, and our food spread upon it. Old mats, bags, and shapeless bundles, are put around it, for seats. Never had a prince a better fare — we are hungry.

"So this is what you call a hotel, is it?" said Mr. Lane.

"Yes, sir; this is a *grand* hotel. We will let you see some of the common sort, before we complete our circuit. You are living like a king now. But don't be discouraged. The promise is, you know, that our strength shall be according to our day."

"Just that; and, if it is only according to our *nights* too, I think I shall get along."

"*You* are all right. You know you have a *bedstead.* A man with a bedstead is grandly provided for, at these hotels."

"Thanks, many thanks."

"The truth is, we *men* can get on in such places as this, and in worse ones, that we shall find; true, we have to contend with dirt and vermin, and sometimes sleep on the floor, or not sleep at all; but *we* can endure it; for the

ladies it is a very different affair. At many of our stopping-places, there can be little privacy —little that meets the necessities of civilized life. For ladies, such journeying is indeed hard. Yet the most delicate and refined have travelled, all together, thousands of miles in this country. Many of their stopping-places have been much worse than this. You will see."

"That is right; I've started out for the purpose of seeing."

"But, come; let us gather in our room now for our evening devotions; then the children can go to bed, and we can converse for a while, or do what we please."

The children were put to bed behind the curtain that we had brought with us, and by means of which a bedroom had been partitioned off on one side of our parlor; they were soon asleep. As we were seated for an hour of rest, before we should try to sleep ourselves, it was intimated by one of our party that while I was coming with my family from America to Cesarea, we had an "experience" in that same room in which we were then seated; and I was urged to

relate the affair for the benefit of those who had not heard it.

"It is not a pleasant story that I am about to tell you," I said; "but it is a true one. When we came from America we were met at Mersin, the port of Tarsus, by Mr. Bartlett, and our good native brother, * Kitabjee Garabet, the present preacher at Nigdeh, and whom we hope to visit in a few days. We left the coast in the month of December, and, having travelled more than a week, came to this place, and put up for the last time, as we hoped, before reaching our long-wished-for home. The snow was quite deep and the air piercing cold. We were put into this very room. This, when shut up, is much closer than rooms here usually are. We threw down our mattresses upon the floor and sat upon them. As we were shivering with cold, they brought in two mongols, filled with burning — as was supposed well-burnt — charcoal. The door was shut, and we were left alone. The heat was most agreeable. Mr. Bartlett was out preparing our supper. We congratulated ourselves on being so near the end of our pain-

* Bookseller.

ful journey, and of finding, at last, such comfortable quarters. But by and by our conversation ceased. I saw our little girl, who was then only a babe, begin to put on an unusual look, and then fall on her side asleep. Soon the little boy did the same. Then my wife also bent her head, as if reclining to rest. I, too, began to feel exceedingly dozy and dull, and supposed it was the effect of coming from the cold into the warm air. But, somehow, I felt entirely indifferent to everything. At that moment Kitabjee chanced to open the door. 'Mr. Bartlett, come quick,' he shouted. He rushed in, caught up the children, and took them out. He then seized upon my wife and carried her out. I was just able to be led.

"In a few minutes more we should all have been dead together. The coal gas was beginning to do its fatal work. Then followed a time, such as I hope never to pass through again. Spasmodic vomiting — a catching for breath — a dreadful feeling of sickness. After some time the children had recovered and were asleep. An hour or two was sufficient to bring me some relief. But my wife suffered till nearly morning.

I shall never forget what we passed through that night in this old khan. The next morning found us hardly able to sit up. But after some consultation, we decided to try to get home. The open air proved a good tonic: and near the middle of the afternoon we were made glad by the hearty welcome of our missionary friends."

"You must have shuddered on coming into this room again."

"Well, no, not quite that; but I recognize the place. Now, if any of you would like to listen to further stories, you have only to go down to the coffee-room. I noticed a professional story-teller there."

"What are these story-tellers?"

"They are men who have a fund of the witty, the droll, the strange, and the terrible laid up in mind; and on all suitable occasions, that is, whenever they can collect a crowd of listeners, they pour out by the hour, expecting, of course, to get a trifling bakshesh at the end. They are great adepts in their business. They set off what they tell by means of an endless variety of gesture and pantomime."

At this point it was suggested by one of the ladies that it would be better to listen to the angels that may come in our dreams than the story-teller in the coffee-room. To this we all agreed. The ladies and the children had part of our room, as it was divided by the curtain. I occupied the other part. Mr. Lane and Hadji took the room beside us. After a few minutes of quiet, there was a loud rapping on the partition between our rooms. It was not wholly unexpected. I immediately repaired to the scene of action.

"What is the matter here? Can't you sleep?"

"I don't know what the matter is; but it seems to me there must be hundreds of fleas in my bed."

An examination showed that not a hundred fleas, but a number of creatures of somewhat larger size had taken possession.

"This is the trouble, my dear brother," I said. "You have put your bed so near the wall that the bedclothes touch it. Let us now put your enemies to flight, and your bed in the middle of the room."

After a little time all was quiet, and we could hear nothing but the munching sound that came up from the stable beneath us. There the horses and mules were eating their barley undisturbed by either bugs or fleas.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECOND DAY OUT.

E are all awake early, and we rise early. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, some of our party have had about "rest" enough. They prefer a change. But, in the second place, we need to be on the road in good season, for we must travel nine hours to-day, exclusive of all hinderances, stoppings and resting spells. To get off early requires right planning and vigorous execution. There is the dressing of ourselves and the children, not with every convenience for dispatch and comfort. Then there is the breakfast to be prepared. We have taken some food with us, but that must be regarded only as supplementary. We have to prepare our "principal dishes" on the way. And, besides, our muleteer will want everything that is going into the great bags that make up the load for his horse, in

such a state of preparation, that he shall not be hindered after the rest are ready. Whatever belongs to this temporary housekeeping must be gathered up — the iron bedsteads doubled, and made in small size, that they may be put into their cases, bedclothes folded, nightdresses crowded into a bag, combs, and the few indispensable utensils, put in their places. All this time, there must be a sharp lookout, lest something be left. But meanwhile the breakfast. This time I ask Hadji if he can assist us in doing our marketing. He brings some *bûlghour*. This is a preparation from wheat, much like cracked wheat, partially cooked and dried. This must be further boiled, and then receive a quantity of butter, or the tail-fat of sheep, or something else, that bears some resemblance to these articles. We thus make bûlghour *pelav*. We have taken some rice with us, which, served in the same way, makes a better pelav ; but we can't afford that every time. It would necessitate carrying too large a quantity. So this morning we get up a genuine native dish. We borrow a *tenjera*, or a kind of covered copper kettle — such as we saw them making, with so

much noise and clatter in Cesarea — in which to boil our preparation of wheat. The ladies in charge of the culinary department cast a prolonged look at this dish. It was clean once. But the difference between the past and present tenses, as applied to this article, did not serve, in the fullest degree, to awaken pleasing anticipations. At this point, Hadji comes up and says, "Perhaps you are thinking that something ought to be washed; let me take that tenjera to the fountain; I'll give it the first course." So off he goes, and, after a few minutes of vigorous exercise, brings back the needed article, much improved in its general appearance. The bûlghour is put in, and boiled over a pan of burning charcoal, standing outside of our door. Hadji also brings some fat, to give the necessary flavor and seasoning. "This is the best I could find," he says with a peculiar look on his ever pleasant face.

"It won't do to be too particular in our examination," was the reply of the chief cook.

"True, but you know we have company; and our guest was n't brought up to eat all the good things of this country."

"Just so; but then we will try to make up for his lack of early training and discipline in the matter of satisfying his hunger. On these tours, we must learn to eat what is set before us, asking no questions for squeamishness' sake. It also helps us much, not to indulge in too free a use of our eyes. They were not made to see everything. Then, when we must see before tasting, it is well to call to mind the profound remark of Widow Bedott, who says, 'The looks ain't nothing; it's all in behavior.'"

"I'm glad you are a philosopher. There's nothing like taking missionary life by the smooth handle," replied Hadji.

We come around our little table. Hadji, very appropriately, though not in language intelligible to our guest, returns thanks. Beside the smoking bûlghour, is another dish. This is called *kaimâk*, and is pure cream, of an unusual consistency and richness. We eat it instead of butter.

"Well, Mr. Lane, how do you like our native dishes?"

"Very well."

There was perceptible a slight degree of hesitancy in his reply — usually so ready.

"I hope you keep a clear conscience, as well as a good appetite," was a remark which came from the ladies' side of the table.

"I don't wish to make suggestions," was the reply; "but it seems to me we had better not allow ourselves to get entangled in any questions of conscience and casuistry, this morning. I suppose it is high time we were starting."

"May your appetite be good," was the salutation which came to us in the Turkish language. We looked up, and returned to Ahmet, "Your coming gives us pleasure."

"The load ready?" he asked.

"It will be soon. Please sit down a few minutes."

I took from my pocket a little Testament in Turkish, and read a few verses from the sermon on the mount. Ahmet listened. They were new words to him — a strangely pure teaching. After prayer, every one did the best possible to be ready soon. Everything was put in its place. The children were cared for. Their faces and hands showed only a few more bites than they

had the day before. With riding suits adjusted, faces veiled to keep the bright sun from burning them too badly, with whip in hand, the ladies stand waiting at the top of the old stairs leading down to the court, where Ahmet has tied the saddled horses. They vie with Mr. Lane in trying to walk so as not to betray the lameness they feel from their first day on horseback. I take one last look at every corner of our rooms, not because of grief at parting with them, but that we may not forgetfully part with anything that we have brought for our comfort on the way. Ahmet pays for our lodgings, straw and barley for our horses, coffee, etc. We give a few bits of copper money to a poor woman, standing at the foot of the stairs with a babe in her arms, drive off some rough boys who are determined to have a bakshesh for the trouble they have made us, and ride out of the old gateway into the bright sunlight. We are not yet in pure air, however. We are in the village. We pass a large building — very much the largest in the place. It is the Armenian church. The early worshippers have finished their religion for the day, and have gone about their

usual work. Passing down a steep, crooked path, among the houses, we come to a fountain. The veiled Turkish, and the unveiled Armenian and Greek women and girls are successively filling their jars with water and carrying them to their homes. They either take them in their hands, often one in each, or else put them on their shoulders. They have mostly bare feet. Some wear on the head a little red fez covered with coin-like pieces, either gold or imitation, but many are bareheaded. Strings of yellow pieces are also tied about their necks, and are fastened in one or two rows across the tiny braids of black hair that fall over their shoulders. Their strong, muscular arms show that they are better fitted for the work that they are doing than many American girls would be. They have black eyes, and rows of beautiful, pearly white teeth. For the most part their features are coarse; but their faces would not be uninteresting were there a fair degree of mental culture.

"I suppose what we see on these girls' heads is not pure gold?" said Mr. Lane.

"Indeed it is, the real article; that is, much of it."

"But how is it? They seem so wretchedly poor; and yet are wearing such quantities of gold on their persons."

"Yes; but the gold they wear does n't necessarily indicate much wealth. The bride has her dowry mostly on her head. And so of the young girl, not yet married. If she is poor, her friends thus make a display of the little gold she has, so that she may present as much power of attraction as possible to those who have 'an eye out' for such things. A wealthy man also often puts a large sum of gold upon the person of his wife, and upon the heads of his daughters."

"But why don't they invest this money — put it into some kind of business, so that it will bring profit?"

"That is just the point. It is at great risk that one lends money here. From twelve to twenty-five per cent interest is paid, or rather, is not paid. You see how it is. Then no one can start any kind of new business. There is no encouragement, no protection of private interests, no general confidence, no credit. Nobody trusts his neighbor. Promises are good while being made. But there is another reason for

wearing the gold. What a woman wears on her person, no one can take for her husband's debts. It is a kind of safe deposit. One would suppose that among such a people as this, gold thus worn would be lost — that it would be snatched away by those who have strength to do it; but there is no place where money is so safe as on a woman's head, though she may be a lone woman in the street. Her money may be much safer even than her person; especially if she be a Christian woman. Many things seem strange to us at first sight; but a long past history and a variety of circumstances have to be taken into account; otherwise we cannot judge fairly."

"I heartily agree with what you say. How much inclined we all are to judge other peoples, and their ways, by our own standards — those which have come to be ours, in the very different circumstances and conditions to which we have been accustomed. We are constantly making mistakes here, and many times we are uncharitable, no doubt."

"Yes; and, if you were to live in this country as long as I have, I think you would repeat what you have now said with still greater emphasis. A

great deal has been gained, when we can learn to look at others from their own point of view; and then, bringing to our aid what we may have gained from better opportunities for judging, we can render real assistance."

Our conversation had brought us down the narrow, winding, stony path, leading from the hill on which the village stands, to the plain below.

"May you have a prosperous journey," says Hadji, riding up alongside. The ladies express to him the same good wish for himself. I repeat it to them all. Ahmet, overhearing, reiterates the same. Such mutual salutations are usual after getting fairly started on the road — a very pleasant custom.

We now cross a little stream flowing from the village. Beside it are large flocks of geese. But, apparently, none of their feathers are ever taken off. "How is it?" I inquired of Hadji; "do the people here ever save the feathers from their geese?"

"No, they don't make much use of them. They let us sleep on pillows stuffed with rags — such as we had last night — and throw geese feathers away."

"Why so? In Constantinople, feathers of an inferior quality even bring a good price."

"Yes; but these folks' great-grandfathers didn't know that they would sell for anything, and so they threw them away."

"Why don't they use them themselves?"

"I can't tell you, except that custom rules here. The Sultan's government of this people is a small affair when put beside the reign of custom."

Mr. Lane now puts in an inquiry respecting the little animals which we see beside the road, sitting saucily for a moment, then suddenly diving into their holes.

"These are ground mice," I replied. "They are found here in great numbers."

"Do the people eat them?"

"Not usually. *They* are the ones that do the eating. Sometimes they damage the crops very seriously. It would seem that they were in the habit of doing the same thing thousands of years ago. You remember the trouble the Philistines had with their mice. There is one very curious little animal that I wish we might see, but we shall not probably have the opportunity. It is

a very shy creature. I have never seen but one. It is called the jerboa. It is about the size of a squirrel, with very long hind-legs and tail. Dr. Van Lennep,* in his excellent description of the animals of Asia Minor, calls it a miniature kangaroo. By the way, if you have not a copy of his 'Bible Lands,' you would do well to procure one on reaching home. It contains a fund of interesting and valuable information."

"What is that old horse standing there for? He looks as if he ought to have fallen down long ago."

"Indeed he ought; but they never kill such an animal here. It is left to starve and die. They would deem it a sin to take its life, and so end its misery. I was once putting some superfluous kittens out of the way, when an aged Turk, coming along, reproved me sharply. I remember a dog that used to hobble about the streets on two legs — the right fore-leg and the left hind-leg — the other two having been run over and destroyed. No one supposed it right to kill the suffering creature."

"Then it would seem to be thought, by some

* "Bible Lands," p. 284.

in this country, a smaller sin to kill a human being than to kill an animal."

"Yes; animals of certain kinds. And now here we have come to a threshing-floor. There are still people at work on it. You will wonder why they are so late. I will tell you. No one can bring his grain to be threshed, till the government official, or the man who has bought up the taxes, can get around to take his share. So it often happens that a poor farmer must let his grain lie in the field till all the dry summer weather is past and the fall rains have nearly ruined it. This man is having his turn late. May a kind Providence keep back the rains till he can secure what he has raised for his children's food for the year."

"Do they all thresh out their grain in this way?"

"Yes; they bring it on rude carts, or on the backs of donkeys, up to the threshing-floor, which, you see, is only a piece of ground made smooth and hard; then, putting down a layer, they drive a yoke of cattle or a horse — which creatures are never muzzled,* but allowed to eat

* Deut. xxv. 4.

what they will — around and around, usually with a kind of drag, much like what farmers in America use for drawing stones, till the straw is cut fine, while the kernels are detached and mixed with it. Then they rake it up in a heap, on one side, as you observe them doing now, and put down another batch of the straw — thus continuing till the whole is trodden fine, and brought into the great heap."

"Is this drag, of which you speak, smooth on the bottom?"

"No, it is filled with flint stones, like those used in a gunlock, and so they form the 'sharp threshing instrument.' * Doubtless, this is not just like that anciently used; but it does the same kind of work in a similar manner.

"On this drag a person usually rides, either sitting or standing. I have often seen a little girl, not more than ten or twelve years of age, riding around thus through the long hot hours of the day. The father, mother, and children are all at the threshing-floor. This is the most important day of the year to them. The food of the year is being gathered. All that stands

* Isa. xli. 15.

between them and starvation is in that pile of fine straw. This the owner does not leave, either day or night, till all it contains has been carried to his house. If for no other reason, he must stay to guard his property. Thieves would carry it off, or perhaps wild animals come to eat it. From the days of Boaz and Ruth to the present time, it has been just the same.* The grain is also winnowed on the spot. This is done by throwing it up into the air by means of a great winnowing fork, or fan.† Thus a large part of the straw is separated, and then it must be thrown up again; and so the process is repeated till nothing remains among the kernels of wheat but small gravel-stones and sand. These, unfortunately, the wind does not remove. In order to make the grain clean, it must be washed, and then picked over by hand. This is a great task. But so the poor people work. They seem to take the hardest way to do almost everything. Yet, while some things remain as they are, some other things also must remain without change. This is a point sometimes overlooked in attempting to intro-

* Ruth iii. 2–4. † Matt. iii. 12.

duce that which shall be an improvement. For instance, in my cellar in Cesarea, there is a winnowing-mill. The people tried it, but could n't use it to advantage. And it is evident that while the threshing must be done as it is, the grain can be more easily cleaned by throwing the chaff into the air when the wind blows, than by attempting to force such a mass through a mill. But, besides the many alterations that a single change of some kinds must necessitate, the people desire no change. No matter how poor and clumsy and awkward their tools, they ask for nothing better. Custom and prejudice are the double bars of every door which the hand of improvement would open. It is only as the people receive the word of God, that they become desirous of receiving other good things. It is indeed astonishing how the word that God has given to man rectifies the workings of his mind as well as the affections of his heart. In laboring among this people, we soon learn that our motto cannot be, 'Civilize first, and preach the Gospel afterwards.' That is attempting to use the effect for the cause.

"But let us stop here. This old shanty is a

guard-house. It is always best to keep on good terms with the men who are left to watch at these places. They expect a little bakshesh from travellers, and that is all they get from any source, I presume."

"What do they do here?"

"Ostensibly they stay here for the protection of travellers. Wherever we find a guard-house, it is supposed to indicate that the road may be infested with robbers. These men are to render assistance when necessary."

"Do they really do it?"

"I never heard of their doing anything. If there were any robbers in the vicinity, I should expect the two parties would be in collusion. But let us dismount."

"Shall I take out the children?" asks Ahmet.

"Yes, let them have a little change."

A young man comes out to care for our horses, and we all go into the old room, half under ground, half above, on the side of the hill. Giving the customary salutation to the man in charge, "Glad to see you, Chelabi," is the response, "Where from this morning?"

"Inja Sû."

"May Allâh grant you protection on your way."

"There has been no particular trouble in this neighborhood, I hope."

"No, not much; but there would have been had I not been here; two men were robbed just back here a little way, yesterday. I at once started out and cleared the road. There 'll be no trouble now, Chelabi."

This man soon has his coffee ready. We take it with thanks, sit and talk a few minutes, pay the usual bakshesh, as if paying for the coffee, walk about a few steps to make the riding more comfortable, again mount our horses, and are on our way.

"Do you really think there were any robbers in this vicinity yesterday?" was the joint question of the ladies, as soon as we were fairly seated in our saddles.

"We can't tell anything about it," replied Hadji. "But, if there were such men about here yesterday, you may be sure that they are out of our way to-day. They never remain long in one place. But," he added, "it is impossible to determine where danger may be lurking on

these roads. We are liable at all times to meet men, who suppose that their claim to our property should take precedence to ours; but we can't calculate the time of their appearance any better than we can the coming up of a shower. In travelling here, it will never do to give much attention to what may be said to you about the dangers of the road. You always find those whose business it is to tell you something of that kind. Yet it is best to listen respectfully to what these men at the guard-houses tell us. The old proverb is: 'When you are about to cross a bridge, secure even the devil for your friend.' That I find is the best way to travel in this country."

Thus the morning hours passed as we rode on. The ladies kept up an earnest conversation with Hadji, discussing several matters pertaining to our work in Cesarea, and other places. Feeling tired, I was glad to listen. Mr. Lane also rode on in silence. Our muleteer sat between the great leather bags on his horse, and, smoking cigarettes, hummed at intervals in most indescribable, drawling, nasal tones the words of some meaningless old song. The

children had a quiet sleep. But soon it was noon, and we were hungry. There was a fountain near. Its sweet waters were gushing out, and we would gladly have stopped beside it for our lunch, but there was no shade, and the sun was now hot. There being indications of a village two or three miles ahead, we push on for that. But it begins to be wearisome riding. We are all tired, and wish we might get out of our saddles. The motion of the horse has come to be really painful. The children wake up and ask for food. We look again and again to see whether the village seems much nearer. It is reached at last. The three miles seemed more than twice that distance. Now for a place to dismount. The village is a little, foul-smelling place, made up of a number of contiguous barnyards, with a stable in each yard, and a house in each stable. The house is simply a room, or a place for one, and is, in reality, a part of the stable itself. It is entered by going through the stable, just as the stable is entered by going through the yard. The "room" often differs from the rest of the stable only by having a little higher floor — but made of the same native earth — surrounded by

a railing. Sometimes, however, the partitions extend to the ceiling above, and are plastered with mud. These are of the more stylish sort. It was the former kind that we found. We went in and sat down. Our horses had their "accommodations" on the outside of our railing. The zeal of our party was directed towards the lunch-basket.

"Ahmet, can you find some *irân?*'

"I think so, sir; I'll try."

The irân is soon brought. It consists of artificially soured milk, which the Turks call *yoghûrt*, and the Arabs *leben* — made more fit for drinking by being mixed with water. The children are eager for it; excepting Mr. Lane, we all call it a pleasant drink, and excellent for allaying thirst. He begs to be excused. "There is nothing like getting used to a thing," I said. "After I had been in this country a short time, I was riding with a company one day, when we all became very thirsty; my comrades partook freely of this drink, and went on in comfort. I preferred to endure the thirst."

"Ahmet, we will have some water, too. My friend here is unaccustomed to this irân."

The handy muleteer goes to the corner of the room, takes from its place a large, wooden water-jug, goes to the near fountain, fills it and brings it back. He then takes the copper drinking-cup, which had been kept turned over the mouth of the jug, and, filling it, carries it upon the up-turned palm of his hand to our American guest. Mr. Lane looks at what he has taken in his hand, as if he could distinguish some difference between the purity of the water and that of the cup which held it; but, saying nothing, he swallows the one and passes back the other, just as a good boy takes his medicine. Ahmet receives the cup, makes the customary temenâ, and expresses the wish that health may result from the draught. This is invariably done after the drinking of water. All in the room, saluting with the temenâ, wish health to the one who has drank it. He responds to each in turn, with thanks.

"I wish we could have had a shady place out of doors," remarked Mrs. Giles; "there appear to be too many inhabitants in this room."

We all *felt* the truth of this remark, and, as a consequence, were soon in our saddles again.

As we pass from the village, we notice a gang of men making mud bricks. They mix the straw with the mud, cut out the large square or oblong blocks, and leave them in the sun to dry. They are used for building houses and fences. If the former, there is first a frame of wood, between the different timbers of which they are filled in. In those parts of the country where cobble-stones are not found, they constitute the only building material. Ordinarily these mud bricks are left on the outside without any covering, although the better houses are plastered.

"I should think the rain would soon destroy houses made of such things as these," remarked Mr. Lane.

"It does in a little time, if they are not kept plastered over. You noticed those old houses, as we came along. There were holes in the sides large enough to admit a man. And so it is that where two houses stand side by side, and are separated only by one of these walls, it is an easy thing to dig through. You will recall an allusion to such an act, in the Bible." *

"What immense flocks of storks you have

* Job xxiv. 16.

here; I have been noticing them ever since we left Cesarea. They seem very much at home, as if never disturbed."

"They are not; you see where they build their nests — on the roofs of the houses, in a decaying poplar tree, or upon some old ruin. They go out into the field, where the farmer is at work, and follow him closely, devouring worms, grasshoppers and small reptiles.

"There is a black variety; and when speaking of that kind, we may still say that the fir-tree is her house;* but those that are seen here, are usually white with black wings. They come early in the spring, and leave in the autumn, spending the winter in Egypt. I was afraid that you would be disturbed by them last night. They have a strange way of making music. They stand up in their nests, throw their heads over on their backs, and then strike the two parts of their large bills together, making a noise much like that of a boy's bone clappers. They indulge in this sport during the night, as well as in the day time. A stranger hearing this for the first time, perhaps awaked out of sleep,

* Psalm civ. 17.

is very apt to be astonished, that any one can sit up through the small hours of the night to indulge his propensity to make a noise with small pieces of bone."

"I did hear it last night," replied Mr. Lane, "and thought it a very strange sound; but was too tired to be kept awake by anything."

"Not even with your bed against the wall of your room?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to make that exception."

We rode on in silence, all feeling too weary to talk much, till near Urgûp. At last Mr. Lane inquired why there were no forests to be seen anywhere.

"I cannot tell you," I replied; "but as a matter of fact, there are no forests remaining through all the central parts of Asia Minor. It is only on the high mountains, and near the sea coast that we find trees. One may travel from Konia to Harpoot, and, except a few cultivated trees in the villages, and fruit trees in the gardens, hardly see so much as one little shrub. There may be a stunted wild pear-tree, here and there, on the hillsides. It is evident that the

land has been for a long time denuded of its trees. And now there is so little rain through the summer, that it would be very difficult to get them started, if one were to try. You must have noticed what a different horizon these treeless hills make from one formed by those covered with forests."

"Yes; but I think this the more beautiful. As the sun is now getting low, I observe a mellowness in its light, causing peculiarly soft and pleasing tints to rest on the distant hills — something which I never saw in America."

"I have many times noticed what you now speak of — a delicacy of coloring in the sky, which rests down on the mountains that skirt the usually broad sweep of vision in this land, adding a peculiar charm to the whole view. But it is this distant view only that charms you. What is near is generally unpleasant, often unsightly. How delightful, how attractive, appear many of the little villages, as we see them miles away! They seem as if nestled down to rest, in the most quiet and calm retreat to be found in the whole world; but, alas, as you enter them,

the cross shepherd-dogs vie with the mud and filth and vermin in making them repulsive in the extreme. But to say nothing about what pertains to the people, and their wretched ways of living, the country itself is no exception. Stones and sand, grass dried up to the roots, old dying weeds, and the stubble of the grain-fields, — these go to make up what seemed so pleasant in the distance."

"True, indeed," added Mr. Lane. "I have not seen a square yard of solid green turf, since we left Cesarea."

"And you probably won't see so much as that before we get back."

"Is it so? I should think you would long to see some green thing."

"Indeed we do. We often say to each other: 'Oh, could we for one hour feast our eyes on the green meadows and the dense foliage of our dear native land!' Yet we get accustomed to seeing this country as it is, and sometimes almost forget how pleasant fresh fields and shady forests really are. But now just notice these people ahead of us. There is a venerable

old Turk, his wife, and his donkey. They have been at work in the field; and now, as they go home, you see he has put a load of dry weeds and grass on the back of his donkey, and another load on the back of his wife, and is driving them both. Notice, too, the other man beside him. He evidently had no load for his donkey, or for his wife; so he rides on the back of the animal, and his wife trudges along on foot. You observe that the women and children walk and carry the loads; the men carry nothing; and ride, if they can."

"Truly here is a display of gallantry, such as I have not had an opportunity to witness before. The doctrine of women's rights has n't made very remarkable progress over here, I should judge."

"The only rights that women have in this country are those that have been given them by the Gospel of Christ. Nothing else can take off the loads under which for centuries they have bent down their backs. But this can do it. This is beginning to do it. I hope you will have an opportunity to see something of this work further on."

"I hope I may. But what a strange noise this young fellow makes, as on his sprightly donkey he swings his bare feet almost touching the ground. Is this the kind of singing you tried to describe to me?"

"Yes, it is."

"But this noise is wholly indescribable. It is evidently the mingling, in unequal parts, of a peculiar nasal whine with a more peculiar guttural growl. If that is the singing of a solo, what would a concert be?"

"I can't tell you; it seems I failed in attempting to give you some idea of the solo; I think I'll not try the concert. But you must not suppose that attempts at singing, like what you now hear from this young fellow on the donkey, are the only music we have here in the East. Among the peasantry, there is a great deal of this wretched drawling, whining, intoning, or whatever you call it; but the people have a great variety of musical instruments, such as they are; and they learn music very naturally. Their musical scale, however, is very different from ours, and does not admit of the same harmony. It

is probably more nearly the ancient method of singing."

"But here we are, in Urgûp. We will go to the khan, and fix ourselves as comfortably as may be; for we must spend to-morrow in this place."

CHAPTER V.

PERSECUTION.

"WHAT are these little birds that come in such great numbers to the open windows of the old houses around us here? They seem to be quarrelling most of the time. I believe their noise waked me up."

"Why, my dear fellow, if you are to travel in Turkey, you must not allow yourself, while in bed, to be disturbed by anything without; if there is a quiet state of things within, you should improve the opportunity to sleep. These little birds are sparrows — the same as the English sparrow. There are countless swarms of them here; and more mischievous and quarrelsome little creatures it would be hard to find. They collect in the towns, living on the roofs of the houses, and in the courts; they fly into open windows, and take possession of unoccupied rooms; they go in flocks of myriads to the grain

fields, and consume the reward of the husbandman's hard toil. They are caught for the market; and are the smallest creatures that are there offered for sale. As in ancient times, they are cheap; two of them are sold for a farthing."

"Good morning, Bodville. Glad to see you," chime in half a dozen voices at once. The native brethren, having heard of our arrival, have come thus early to bid us welcome. The mutual salutations are many.

"Why did n't you let us know you were coming? We would have met you last evening, and brought you in."

"We thought we would come in upon you unexpectedly this time, and so not put you to any trouble."

"Nothing could be trouble to us, that would be the means of bringing you here. And you, too, have come, Hadji Harotune! Your coming is a happy surprise to us."

"It 's a great pleasure to me to visit you," replied Hadji.

Mr. Lane was quite overcome by so many warm greetings from persons whom he had

never before seen, and in a language of which he could not understand a word. Now Mrs. Giles appears, coming from her part of the room in the khan.

"Glad to see you, Madama;* how do you do?"

"Glad to come. How do *you* do?"

"Thanks to God, we are well. But whose children are these? This is not your little boy?"

"No; I left him in Talas. These are the Bodville's children. We took them with us for a change of air. They have been somewhat unwell of late. And here comes their mother."

"Glad to see you, Madama. This is your first visit to us."

"It is; but so much the greater pleasure to me. I am glad to make your acquaintance."

"Hope you and your children rested well last night; but we are ashamed that you are not at our houses. You don't allow us to show you any hospitality."

"We know what you would be glad to do; and we thank you for it. But we are a pretty

* The appellation of foreign married ladies in Turkey.

large company, and we did n't wish to burden you."

We were now all seated around our room for a talk. There were a great many inquiries on both sides. The brethren at first said they were well, and that there were many things in their condition for which they were thankful. They would tell no unpleasant news at first. Such is their custom. They would not make their guests unhappy. Thus it was only after a prolonged conversation that the true state of their affairs was made to appear. What was beneath was at last brought to the surface. These brethren were in deep trouble. As they were Greeks, and had dared to forsake the "orthodox" church, they had been treated by their neighbors and old friends in a most shameful manner. They had been anathematized, and declared to be unfit to have any part in social life. The Greek priests had forbidden their people having anything to do with the contemptible little band of heretics called Protestants. They were not to speak to them when they met them; they were not to enter their houses nor their shops; they were to buy nothing of them, and to sell them

nothing; they were not to receive their children to the schools; in short they were to have no business relations with them; they were not to show them any respect, or treat them as if they had any rights. Accordingly it would be a proper thing to rob their vineyards, to set fire to their street-gates, to engage roughs to break open their houses and spoil their furniture, to spit in their faces, to throw stones at their backs, and to inflict any injury that might be most convenient. This cursing by the ecclesiastics had been carried out to its fullest extent. Even the preacher who had been sent to labor in Urgûp had been compelled to flee. His life had been threatened and the brethren themselves urged him to leave. The Government, overshadowed by the powerful Greeks of the place, had not only done nothing to protect the sufferers, but had cast the blame on them for the disturbance among the Greek people. The success and hopefulness of the work of preaching the Gospel in Urgûp had been the occasion of all this trouble and abuse. But now a new turn in affairs had brought the Protestant brethren into still more serious trouble. Against Bōdōs Agha, the most promi-

nent man among them, a case had been trumped up, and he thrown into jail. He tried to collect a debt of a man, who refused to pay him because he was a Protestant; and, instead of getting the debt, witnesses were brought into court to show that *he* was the party really indebted — that the balance of account was against *him;* thus, as he would not, of course, at once submit to such a gross outrage and pay what was demanded of him, he was put in jail. The peculiar operations, the underhanded contrivances, the "considerations" intimated, for the accomplishment of this judicial somersault, would make a long story. After a protracted conversation the matter was fairly understood, and all sat in silence. The brethren rose to leave.

"Won't you sit a few minutes longer? We must consider what we can do. Wasn't Mr. Farnsworth's visit here last summer of any use? Till we learned to the contrary, by your letter, we were hoping that he had done a good deal in securing for you the protection of the government."

"We hoped so, too. He did all that could be done. We were greatly obliged for his kind

visit in that very hot weather; but as soon as he was out of sight it was evident that the government would do nothing of what it had promised. They showed him much respect, and made many pleasing demonstrations of friendship; but our present condition is the result."

"Cannot one or two of you come at about four o'clock * to go with Hadji and myself to call on the *kaimakâm* † *?*"

"Very well. Good morning."

The Turkish official having charge of affairs in Urgûp is a petty governor — a sort of sub-pasha, who must report himself and his business to the pasha at Nigdeh, just as this latter is responsible to the governor-general of Konia. At the appointed time two of the brethren came, and we all together proceeded to the "palace." A guard, standing at the door, lifted the heavy curtain for us to pass in, which we did, kicking off our outer shoes, and making the customary temenâ as a salute to the dignitary on the divan, in the opposite corner of the room. This man is a young sprout from an old stump, a prospect-

* That is, ten o'clock A. M. at this time of year.

† A lieutenant, or officer, in charge of a small district.

ive pasha, a son of one of the wealthy pashas of Constantinople. His mother is a beautiful Circassian woman, and is still quite young and blooming. Desiring to get a little money for a start in life, he has had two young girls given him as wives, and a nest made for him in this little, snug, out-of-the-way town. He is dressed in a tight-fitting suit — coat, vest, pants, and shoes — with the inevitable red fez adorning his head. His style of dress is noticeable, because so unlike that of the grave, long-bearded, heavy-turbaned old men, who sit on either side as his counsellors. After we are seated, there are the usual salutations of welcome from each one in the room to each one of us who have entered. Then the prospective young pasha claps his hands to call an attendant. One immediately steps before him, making the temenâ as usual.

"Bring coffee; we want it sweetened."

While he goes for the coffee, another attendant passes cigarettes. Mr. Lane and I decline, while I apologize for him and myself. I explain that it is not our *custom.*

"Bravo!" exclaims the young official in tight

clothes; "your freedom from this habit is to be commended."

This he says as a polite response to our apologies. Our native brethren feel obliged to accept the treat, if for no other reason, that they may not give offence. Now all in the room, except the two curiously disposed abstainers, are duly smoking. The long chibooks, at which the venerable councilmen are contentedly puffing, give forth a great abundance of the cloudy perfume; the cigarettes less. But all together make a sufficient amount of smoke to start with. "This," I said, in whispered English to my friend beside me, "is beginning in smoke; if our undertaking does not also end in smoke, we may call ourselves happy." Now coffee is brought. It is first presented to his incipient greatness in the corner, who takes it and sets it down on the little writing desk beside him on the divan. Then, after the rest have taken each his little cup of the inviting beverage, the sipping begins all around the room. All get nicely through this delicate little enjoyment, except the uninitiated American at my side. He sees that to keep the waiter standing to take

his cup, after all the rest are through, is putting himself in an awkward predicament. So he tries to do his very best with the hot drink. He gets it down, but greatly at the expense of comfort near the end of his tongue. Had he been willing to make as much noise as the others were making, by drawing the scalding fluid into their mouths without touching it to their lips, he would have escaped unhurt; but that to him was such a very improper thing to do, that he preferred to suffer the consequences of drinking like other poor Occidentals. It was fortunate for him that he was not obliged to use his tongue. He had only to keep it as quiet as possible, which he hoped might facilitate its return to a more normal condition.

But now, all ceremonies over, something more difficult than drinking coffee must be undertaken. We begin. This always involves some embarrassment. How shall we introduce our subject? What we have come for is well-known to the youthful official in the corner, though he would not have it appear so. The ancient dignitaries, who sit around him, know the whole. Yet their faces are most serene. On the

contrary, that the prospective pasha is feeling just a little disturbed, is indicated by an unusual degree of politeness. He is all attention, while chastened and dignified smiles — such as become a man in his position — lighten up his fair young face.

Soon the story is told. I make a very brief statement, and then leave it to Hadji — who knows all the ins and outs of the common matters of Turkish law, and just what should be said and what should be left unsaid — to go on with the conversation. Our young friend in the corner assures us that he is exceedingly glad to hear just such a plain statement of the case; that he has not fully understood it before; that he will see that justice is done; that he has come to Urgûp for that very purpose; that it makes no difference what a man's creed is — all are equal before the law; that, if one is poor, and has few to help him, just so much the more he will help him. "Is not this my duty?" he says, appealing to the old men, his advisers. "Yes, sir," is the united response, with a slight bowing of the head. The interruption in the ascent of the narcotic fumes was hardly perceptible.

"I will put this matter right; have no fear, Chelabi; no injustice shall be done to the weakest of the men that I have come here to protect. Shall not this be so?" he again asks, looking to the old men, whose mouths are so sweetly attached to the ends of their long sticks.

"Yes, sir," is said in concert, with another nod of the head, and a bringing of the right hand towards the heart. After a slight pause, during which the smoking is well sustained, the young official in tight clothes proceeds with a further exposition of his duty. He reiterates expressions of satisfaction at becoming more fully acquainted with a case which had for weeks given him much anxiety. Now he could attend to the matter intelligently, and a fairer trial should be had.

"Come again, Chelabi, this afternoon, at eight o'clock, and I will have all parties here. This matter must be settled at once."

We rose, and with due acknowledgments of obligation and gratitude, returned to the old khan.

"Well, what is the result?" eagerly inquired Mr. Lane, who, of course, had understood none of the conversation.

"He promised to see that justice is done. He will have the case brought for trial, before himself, this afternoon."

"Good; that seems something like what ought to be."

"But we must wait and see what will be. I reckon on nothing from that young fellow."

"Why so?"

"He is in the hands of his friends. With him it will be a balancing of apparent personal interests. What those men who sat about him will advise him to do, remains to be seen."

We had not been in the old khan long before Mrs. Giles came in with two of the few women in this place who had dared to avow their Protestantism. Like other places where the preaching of the Gospel is a new thing, the converts are mostly men. The women are more ignorant — more completely under the control of the priests of the old church. Some of those, whose husbands have become Protestants, oppose them with a bitterness, more intense and unrelenting than is ever seen in the other sex. With many of them, skill in manifesting hatred seems to have nearly reached perfection. Their

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life consists in that, rather than anything more in keeping with the natural gentleness of woman. So it has been in every place in Turkey where the Gospel has been preached. Yet this is but a natural result. From the sweetest wine, the sourest vinegar. But in nearly all the Protestant communities, a course of patient instruction has brought the opposing wives to yield happily to the truth. They have become humble, sweet-tempered Christians. They have been changed from ignorant, scolding, swearing mothers — ever threatening their children with evil, and thus trying to frighten them into obedience — to mothers, tender, loving, and kind, taking their little ones by the hand, that they lead them in wisdom's ways, and in her paths, which are pleasantness and peace. These two sisters were not an exception. And it soon appeared that they were not now quite alone in their new and happy life.

"I find in my visits to the women here, a great improvement among them, notwithstanding their trials. These two who have come with me seem very firm now, and there are more like them," said Mrs. Giles.

"That 's a good report surely. It 's more than we dared to expect. We may hope that persecution is bearing its customary good fruit here also."

"It is indeed. The difference in the spirit and conduct of the persecutors and the persecuted is convincing, where argument had failed to make any impression. I find much encouragement. Three more women are learning to read. The girl that I engaged, when I was here last year, to give them lessons, has done her work very well; though they say the old grandmother has tried hard to frighten her out of it. She has twice succeeded in getting her primer away, and burning it up."

Two or three hours of visiting the brethren at their shops, and their houses, at each place taking the proffered coffee, making many inquiries about many things, going with a native brother to a house of friendly Greeks, talking and praying with one poor old dying man, lying on his bed of rags on the floor — and the time for going again to the "palace" has arrived. We go. The young man with the European dress receives us with the same gentlemanly urbanity

that was so marked in the morning. When he called for coffee, he laid his cigarette in the same place on the writing-desk by his side. The men of his medjliss, or council, were sitting precisely as they were in the morning, and still smoking vigorously. Their salutations were of the same formality. Their countenances were equally imperturbable. But the young man in tight clothes, with his face slightly flushed, and moving a little to one side and then the other, as if his clothes had suddenly become too tight, proceeded to remark that it had been a matter of great regret to himself and his council, that though he had made every effort to find the plaintiff, it had been impossible; we must adjourn for one day; to-morrow afternoon he would endeavor to have all present, and everything in readiness. After expressing the hope that there would be no failure to-morrow, we left with the customary formality.

"Why is this? What are we going now for?" inquires the wondering looker-on, seeing, indeed, but understanding not.

"Just as I expected; I anticipated some hitch. The man who is wickedly persecuting

our Protestant brother cannot be found to-day. So we must wait till to-morrow."

"But had we not planned to go to-morrow?"

"Yes; and now I hardly know whether to stay or not. It won't do any good, so far as immediate results are concerned. Yet we must hold on; otherwise there is no hope of accomplishing anything. The Turkish way of refusing a petitioner is by wearing him out. They have learned the Fabian method most perfectly. We learn it, too. It often comes to be a question of endurance. If there is any benefit in obeying St. James' injunction to let patience have its perfect work, surely we missionaries ought not to lose our opportunities."

"But why should the young Turk deceive you, and put you off in this manner? what advantage to himself?"

"You must bear in mind that he came here to get a start in life. There are 'considerations' involved in every decision of this kind. The Greeks here are strong, because they are wealthy. The treasure that this young man is seeking may be hid in their fields. It won't do to offend them. They are watchful of indications.

But I am very sorry we can't go on according to our programme. We wrote to Nigdeh that we hoped to reach that place Friday. The brethren will come out to meet us. Well, there is only one way left; I must send a telegram. You see we now have telegraphic communication between many of our larger places."

"Are you sure that your messages will be sent all right?"

"Sometimes they are sent at once; but often they are delayed. If there is no stopping-place on the way, from which the message must be forwarded by another hand, and you go to the office and see that it is actually put over the wire, then, provided somebody may be found at the other end to deliver it, you may count on a degree of dispatch; but sometimes you might about as well go afoot and carry your message as to entrust it to these operators. When we came from America, we sent a telegram from Tarsus to Talas, that we hoped to be at the latter place in eight days. We arrived nearly on time, and the next day the telegram was brought in."

"A great benefit to the friends expecting you."

"Yes; but ordinarily Turkish lightning travels faster than that. It will make a trip across the country in a day or two."

"But what do you think? Could not that man who was wanted at the trial have been found?"

"Certainly

"Do you think he was really sent for?"

"Perhaps he was; but a small sum of money slipped into the hand of the officer sent to take him, would make his non-appearance at court a matter to be easily accounted for. There would be no difficulty in understanding the officer's story. He is allowed to gather up his perquisites; for that is probably about all he receives in any way."

"Are not such officers paid at all?"

"They are, nominally. But that is hardly the kind of pay that feeds hungry children. These men are a necessity; and they must live in some way; so they are allowed to test the generosity of individuals, who find themselves liable to get into some kind of trouble."

"Is it so all over the empire?"

"Just the same. And not only this class of men, who act the part of policemen, constables, etc., but many of the judges also, and men of similar position, are paid only a very small sum, aside from what they may have the faculty of collecting."

It was now announced that supper was ready. "Where is Mrs. Giles? Has she not returned yet?"

"No, I think not."

"Perhaps we had better not wait for her; she must be in soon; and the children are getting impatient for their supper."

"Very well, what have you got for us?"

"A nice chicken. Ahmet found a good one. The tenjera which I used for boiling it is not to be set on the table. You will only see the results of my labor. I know you 'll say it 's good."

We had just seated ourselves, or rather squatted around the little table, when Mrs. Giles appeared at the door, and, with her, a poor woman and her two little children. This mother and her girls had a very sad look. Want and sorrow were depicted on every feature. Their clothes

were few and very poor — indeed had been patched, till it was almost impossible to tell what kind of cloth had first been used. The younger of the little girls was so weak that she could hardly stand alone; the older was apparently somewhat stronger. But both were pale and emaciated. The mother tried to smile and look pleasant; but it was impossible to hide the grief that had drawn its ineffaceable lines upon her once delicate features.

"This is Anastasia, whose husband, you remember, died about two years ago," said Mrs. Giles, introducing her companion.

"Glad to see you," was the response from all, around the little table. "Sit right down here, and have some supper with us."

She declines. We urge, but she prefers not to do so. She does not regard herself and children in proper condition to come to the table with us. So she sits down and waits just outside the door till we have finished our meal. Then she is ready to tell her story. It is a sad one. She was left a widow with the two girls that she has brought with her — now twelve and ten years of age — and three other children

younger than these. The youngest, a boy of four years, has been sick ever since his father's death. The little sum of money left her has been spent, nearly all of her housekeeping articles have been sold for bread, and the little that she can now earn with her loom — which she has contrived to retain — is not enough to keep her family above starvation. The wolf has long been standing near her door, but now he is actually on the threshold. She has from time to time received small sums from the Protestant brethren; but they, with one exception, are poor and can hardly support their own families. The man who could help her is in prison. The hand which he had been accustomed to put forth for her relief, is tied and powerless. The Protestants, as a body, have been socially and financially crushed to the earth by the orthodox Christians of the old church, abetted by the government, whose interest it is to make friends with the rich. So this poor woman and her children, in their weak state, have become the prey of fever and ague — the great foe of all the poverty-stricken in Asia Minor. There is no medicine to be had; and, if there were, she has

no money with which to obtain it. But much more than medicine, food is needed. And also clothing. Through the warm summer they have contrived by constant mending and patching, to get on with the same old rags ; but the winter is near. What shall she do? She cannot give up her trust in the Lord, but nothing else remains to her. The story is a long one; and just one tale of sorrows. The poor woman, sitting with her head bowed down, and wiping the coursing tears with one corner of her ragged shawl, tells us of their days of plenty, before they became Protestants ; their new joy when they had learned the true way ; their sufferings from persecutions, by which they had been robbed of nearly all; their struggles and fears, that finally broke down her husband, and resulted in his death ; how he was the first in Urgûp to receive the Bible, and openly avow his adherence to its teachings, and the first to receive the promised reward ; but alas, for herself — left to struggle on alone, trying to save alive her dear little children. Were it not for her trust in God the light of her home would be wholly extinguished — noonday had become night.

While this story was being told, the bottle of quinine — ever with us on our journeys — had been brought out, and a large number of doses made up for the poor sufferer and her little ones. The most explicit directions were given in regard to this medicine. Its bitterness must not prevent the children from taking it. About a dollar was given to buy some meat and rice, so that better food should be a help to the quinine. Then, with a promise that we would see what could be done, we let her get back to her home before dark.

"I understand this to be a very poor woman," said Mr. Lane, as she passed out.

"Yes, indeed, poor enough."

We then went over her story in English, and also related more at length — what we had known before — how her husband became a Protestant, and, because he would not abjure his faith, suffered persecution — even to the loss of nearly all his property, and finally died beneath the load that crushed him.

"Here, I will give this, for my part," said Mr. Lane, handing out a Turkish pound, or about four dollars and a half.

"Hold, don't be in too much haste. If there were no more poor, we could easily relieve this suffering widow; but the number of similar sufferers is so great, that we are obliged to consider what we can do, and what we cannot do. If there were a Protestant community here, containing men of fair means, we should feel obliged to say to them that we could do nothing for their poor; that they must take care of their own, and leave us free to do for others, who have none on whom they may depend; but as it is, we must help, at least, a little. Perhaps we had better all together make up one pound; it will not do to empty our purses entirely here, for we have not seen the whole yet. We shall probably learn of a great many more before we get around home. To decide a question like this — to try to determine what, on the whole our duty is; to keep our hearts open, while not entirely exhausting our means; to know to what extent we may aid in relieving the temporal necessities of the people, while keeping in view our proper work — the saving of their souls — this, and some questions nearly related to it, in which is involved the expenditure of money,

often make the task we have undertaken difficult in the extreme. We are allowed by the Board just enough for a comfortable living, and we must have good food and keep ourselves up in strong, working condition, or we can do nothing for these poor people. To starve ourselves will be, in the end, to starve them, too. But they cannot always see this. We appear to them to be wealthy. Our condition must be so very different from theirs, that they most naturally look upon us as spending a great deal for ourselves. This is a difficulty in our work, and often a hinderance, which we find it impossible to remove. If we were to allow feelings of pity alone to get control of us, and so put what means we have in our hands to that use to which our hearts naturally prompt us, we should soon be without a cent with which to carry on our work of preaching the Gospel. And the Gospel, received by the people, will in the long run do most to furnish them with bread. If we were to relieve all these poor to-day, they would be just as poor, perhaps poorer, to-morrow. Yet we cannot be hard-hearted enough to allow people to starve before our eyes. What shall

we do? And there is another thing. If we were to give to all that ask us for aid, we should be beset by beggars from morning till night. We should do nothing else but attend to their wants. And, besides, to tell who is poor, and who is not, is often a very difficult thing, in this country."

"But there is no doubt in regard to this woman," rejoined Mrs. Giles. "I have been to her house, and have seen all there is in it. I think she is perfectly truthful."

"Well, what further can we do for her?"

"It seems to me that we might take the oldest girl into our school at Talas."

"Does she appear to you likely to make a good scholar?"

"Yes, I have talked with her some time, and I examined her a little in her lessons. She seems to be really a smart girl, only they are now in this crushed condition. Her mother is anxious to have us take her. She says she will give her to us, and our work. I think we should do well to take her. She has no bed which is fit to carry to Talas; neither has she any suitable clothes; but I think we can provide these things in some way."

"I'll give the money for a bed," interrupted Mr. Lane.

"Many thanks. I don't see but she is provided for; and perhaps then we may consider the matter settled; for, you remember, we have been authorized by the station to secure two or three good girls for the school, if we can find them."

Thus our conversation was continued till late in the evening, when we retired to rest, and to sleep as much as the previously inhabited condition of our rooms would admit.

The next morning was spent in making calls at the shops of some of the people, and, among other places, we went to the house of a wealthy Greek, who, when Mr. Farnsworth was here last summer, had received him very cordially. We had had some hesitation about calling on him, for we did not know in what state of mind he might be. Perhaps he would not like to have us seen coming to his house. But at last we all decided that we would venture to go. He received us very kindly; and, besides, we were happy to learn that he had recently bought a Bible, and was reading it carefully. Were it not for the

fear of man, he would undoubtedly avow himself a Protestant. We left, praying that he might have such a view of the pearl of great price that he would gladly sell all that he had and buy it.

It is again afternoon, and eight o'clock — the hour fixed for the trial. We must go to the "palace."

"Hadji, are you ready to plead the case?"

"I 'm ready to do all the pleading that there will be occasion for, I think."

"Mr. Lane, will you go with us?"

"No, I thank you. My tongue is sore yet. I don't care for any more governmental coffee just now. I 'll stay at home and write a letter. I think you said that the mail leaves this place to-morrow morning."

"Yes, the weekly mail, from Cesarea to Constantinople, passes through here to-morrow."

The curtain is lifted for us to go in, and we present our salutations to the young man on the corner of the divan. There was evidently a degree of vexation at seeing us; for it had been reported that we were to leave town in the morning. We were seated. Salutations were

now exchanged according to custom, and the smoking continued. The room was full of people. The plaintiff and his friends were present. The waited-for and wished-for trial seemed about to commence. But now an old man, with a thin face, a pure white beard, loose robes and large turban, took the end of his long pipe from his mouth and proceeded to deliver a legal opinion. He said that further examination of the case had convinced him that it must, if legally tried, come before another medjliss; that the parties desiring such trial must present a written petition to the kaimakâm, when the whole matter would fall into the hands of those competent to give a decision. So our work for the day was over. Seeing that, by the policy of delay, I had been effectually repulsed in my attack on that fortress of injustice, I immediately left. The brethren followed, but with a heavy heart. They had hoped that we might at least have secured the release of Bōdōs Agha from prison.

"What do you say, Hadji? Would you have the petition written and sent in?"

"Yes, I think I would. It will secure no immediate result here; but yet we had better

comply with all that they tell us the law requires. Our next effort must be at Nigdeh."

"Of course we shall see what we can do there. There is nothing further to be done here. We shall probably be obliged to appeal to the government at Constantinople. But let us take all the proper steps on the way. We must bring some kind of pressure to bear on the sensibilities of these petty officials, or they will do nothing. Let us now go down to the prison and see Bōdōs Agha. It is evident that we shall not see him unless we go there."

The guards made no objection to our entering the prison. Passing through the yard, in which were walking about several men wearing heavy chains fastened around the neck and the ankles, we stooped at the low door, and there we found our Protestant brother half reclining on the little wool bed which served for his sleeping-place at night and a sitting-place during the day. We had a long conversation with him. He had been confined there about three weeks. His friends brought him food, so that he did not suffer in that regard. In such cases, the government furnishes but the most meagre fare. He

had kept his health in the dark, damp place, which was quite an unusual thing. But he was about discouraged, now that our visit had failed to bring him out. He could only look to God to effect his release. We let him take a copy of Dr. Goodell's sermons to read. Once a week he had received the *Angeliaphoros*, the Greco-Turkish paper published by the missionaries at Constantinople, and this he had read over and over, deriving much comfort from it. After assuring him that we should do all in our power to aid him on arriving at Nigdeh, and that we would follow up the case till justice should be done him, however long it might take us, we joined in a few words of prayer, and then were obliged to say good-by. Our hearts were indeed sad as we saw the tears fall from our good brother's eyes when we turned and left him, still to suffer so unjustly from the darkness and filth of that old Turkish prison. After supper, we met the brethren in one of their houses for conference and prayer. The case of our imprisoned brother was discussed, and made a matter of earnest supplication. Thus ended the work of another day.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW EXPERIENCES.

IT was impossible to be off early. With preparing breakfast, getting the children ready, picking up our goods and chattels after such an attempt at housekeeping in the khan, putting each thing in its proper place, so that it might be at hand if it should be needed on the way, spending an hour in further conversation with the brethren, who, after passing a sleepless night, had come to inquire if something more could not be done to get Bōdōs Agha out of prison, — with these things, and numberless other little unforeseeable hinderances, we were unable to bid adieu to our friends, and our lodging-place, before the sun had risen far above the horizon, and had become partially obscured by murky clouds.

"What was that peculiar noise which we heard this morning about sunrise?" inquired

Mr. Lane. "It was a little like the ringing of a bell, and yet not like it — a most peculiar kind of thumping, as if an attempt to make a noise without accomplishing much."

"What you heard must have been the rapping against the *nâkoos;* this is a board, suspended within the court of a church, to be used as we use a bell, to call the people at the hour of service."

"Why not have a bell?"

"The Turks have never allowed the Christians to put bells on their churches. They seem to think that the ringing of bells, to call to worship, interferes with the *ezân*, or their own call to prayer, from the minarets. The Protestants have succeeded in raising two or three bells, and in ringing them; but only after a struggle."

Our muleteer has been very prompt and cheerful in the performance of his duty this morning. Being paid by the day for himself and animals, this extra day of rest has made him feel happy.

Going out of the town, we come to very large vineyards, and broad fields covered with apricot

trees. The best apricots in Turkey are raised here. Some of them are as large as peaches, and much nicer. Passing out of the fields, our road becomes narrow, winds among the old crumbling rocks and ledges, and in places is very steep.

"What are those strange-looking pillars that we see ahead of us?" was now the inquiry of two or three of our party. One suggested that at such a distance they appeared like sphinxes walking on stilts. "Wait till we come up against them and then we shall see what they are," said Hadji.

They proved to be pillar-like portions of a thick stratum of rock, bearing on their tops a boulder each — preserved thus, because covered by the harder stone, while the surrounding portions have been worn away. Some of these boulders seem to be but just balanced on their rests, and yet there they remain, raised many feet above the ground.

"How high should you judge those pillars to be, Hadji?"

"I should say that two or three of them are from thirty to forty feet."

"It must have required a long time for this rock to wear away," added Mr. Lane. "How old it looks! And since coming into this country nothing has struck me more forcibly than the very ancient appearance of the hills. We see nothing like this in America. This is indeed the old world. It would seem as if the rocks on these hillsides had been decaying and crumbling for untold ages. So the valleys are constantly being filled up; and so, I suppose, we must account for their remarkable fertility."

"What is going to be the weather to-day, Hadji?"

"Ask Ahmet; he is weather-wise."

"Ahmet, can you tell us what the weather is to be to-day?"

"Allâh knows what it will be."

"But what are the indications?"

"It looks as if it would rain."

"Well, ladies, our muleteer says he thinks it will rain. How about the water-proofs and the rubbers? are they where we can get them quickly?"

"Yes, I think so; we put the children's in the baskets with them."

These words had hardly been spoken, when it became evident that we should soon need all the protection that rubber suits, rubber blankets, and umbrellas could afford. The sky assumed a threatening aspect, and we were admonished that the wind was about to blow a gale. We made ready as best we could. In a few minutes the rain began to come down in torrents. Against this we might have protected ourselves very well had there been no wind. But the fury of the elements was quite irresistible. We could not avoid getting wet. In spite of the rubber blankets, which we had fixed firmly over the baskets — a kind of miniature tent for each child — the water found its way in on every side. The wind whirled about, and seemed to strike us from all quarters at once. Our umbrellas were turned inside out, in our attempts to hold them. There was no kind of shelter near. No houses, no high fences, not a tree. We had only to take what came to us. So our horses jogged on, bearing their dripping burdens. We said little to each other. The children could n't help crying. Ahmet was cheerful as a lark. What Allâh wills to be his, that he will

take. Why should he resist? Fate knows no change.

But though we said little, we thought much. What should we do? We could not well go back. We were six or seven miles from Urgûp. There was no village near. Had there been, it would have been difficult to find a fire that would be of any use in attempting to dry ourselves. It was nearly an hour before the storm abated. A drizzling rain still continued, but at last the wind entirely ceased. Our first effort then was to protect the children more fully, and, if possible, keep them from taking cold. Fortunately, in our great leather bags, we had some comfortables that had remained dry. With these we wrapped them up. The little girl soon became warm in her protected nest, and went to sleep. The boy had kept himself in fair condition. And now a rubber blanket and an umbrella, so fastened to the side of the basket that they sheltered his head, made him feel quite happy again. The ladies positively affirmed that they were not so wet as they had been at some other times in their life. This assurance was comforting. Comparative happiness is all

that we can ever truthfully claim. So we went on.

About noon the rain entirely ceased. We came to a stream of water that we must ford. This would have been an easy matter, — the water only a few inches deep, if, indeed, any at all, — had there been no rain. Now there was a rushing torrent. At first the ladies demurred — they could not venture into such a stream. But there was no alternative. We put halters on their horses, so that while they held the bridle, we might, perhaps, render some assistance. In that way we succeeded in getting safely across. But the bottom of the baskets touched the stream. To ascertain how deep the water was, I had ridden through once beforehand; but the mule contrived to find a place for his feet among the stones, somewhat deeper than I had sounded. No great harm, however, resulted from this; but little water penetrated the baskets. The little girl slept while crossing; but the boy, looking over the top of his basket, was quite ill at ease till he saw himself past the swift current.

Being across the stream, and the rain well

over, our company began to cheer up and to be more talkative.

"How is it, Hadji? have you ever been caught in just such a storm as this before?"

"Indeed I have. They are not unusual at this season of the year. We are apt to complain of the discomfort to which we may be subjected," he continued; "but what shall we say of the poor people who have all their living for the year on the threshing floor?"

"What can we say? A storm, especially if the wet weather continue a long time, is a most serious matter to them. And how unjust and cruel is that system of tax-gathering, which compels the farmer to wait through all the good weather of summer, and perhaps lose his crop, that the government may secure its portion!"

"But notice now these peasants," I said to Mr. Lane, "as they come up on their donkeys. They have apparently been out in all this rain, and yet they do not seem to mind it more than do the animals that they are riding. Their dress, you observe, is only a simple covering of coarse, home-made, cotton cloth. It wets through quickly, and dries quickly. To wear a suit of

such thin clothes, while it is being wet and dried again, and, perhaps, the process repeated several times a day, might not be a process that we should greatly admire; but they don't seem to mind it."

"Yes; but are not these people about as tough as their animals? They live with them, and in much the same way."

"Some of them are very hardy, and can endure such exposure as would soon kill a more delicately brought-up people. Yet sometimes these same persons become subject to attacks of fever and ague, and they quickly succumb. Here we have abundant illustrations of the doctrine of the survival of the *toughest*, if not of the fittest. A very large number of the children in this country die very young. In many families, only the strongest live. But, as might be expected, those that do survive become very hardy. Their endurance is astonishing. This is especially true of the women that work in the fields. Dr. West has told me that many times a peasant woman had come to him on foot a distance of several miles, bringing in her arms her babe, not more than two days old.

The mother was apprehensive that the child might need medical treatment; but as to herself, she was well. And they tell much greater stories than this respecting these field-laboring women and their babes. One of our preachers told me that he had more than once known a woman of his village go to the field to work in the morning, and at night bring home in her arms her newly-born infant."

At this point, a proposition came from the ladies that we in some way contrive to have our lunch. To this we all agreed; but to dismount was an unpleasant thing. Soon we came to a ledge of rocks, with many large boulders lying around, and some of the stones seemed quite dry. Accordingly we let Ahmet care for our horses, while we found a rock sufficiently dry to serve for a table. "This is the best stopping-place we have yet found," remarked Mr. Lane "It is clean and free from vermin."

While we were eating, Hadji said, "I think there is a village about two hours ahead of us. Would it not be well to go there, and stop for the night, and so not try to reach Misli?"

"It would seem to me well to do so, were it

not that we shall thus be late at Nigdeh. The brethren will come out to meet us, and it would be quite too bad to keep them waiting for us so long. We will see how we are, when we get to the village."

"We must stop where we can make up a good fire," was the rejoinder of two or three voices at once.

It was agreed that we leave the question of where we would stop an open one — we could better decide it afterwards. We mount our horses and proceed on our way. Suddenly we come to a sharp fork in the road.

"Do you know which road we take, Hadji?"

"No, I don't. I passed through here once; but I have forgotten."

"Ahmet, do you know which of these roads leads to Misli?"

"No, I don't, really; but I think we take the right hand."

It was evident that he was only guessing. But we all thought we might as well guess as he did as any other way; so we guessed the right hand. We went on two or three miles. We began to be in doubt. Nothing which

would indicate a village before us anywhere appeared. Would that we might meet some one of whom to inquire. There is no one. We are alone in the road. We look over the fields and hillsides, but can discover nobody at work. Our doubts increase. "Shall we keep on, or shall we turn back?" is the question we put to each other; but none of us wish to give an answer. We keep on. At last, reaching the top of a hill, we see a flock of sheep on another hill, not very far distant. There must be a shepherd near those sheep.

"You remain here, while I go and find out where we are," said Hadji; and, putting spurs to his horse, he was off at full gallop, and was soon out of sight in the valley. At length he reappears bringing the desired information.

"We are wrong; but this man says we can go on fifteen minutes or so, and then turn to the left, which will take us over the hills, much nearer than to go back. But on reaching the main road, we shall have passed the village. We must go to Misli now."

"But had we not better turn back?" I ventured to interpose. "I 'm afraid the path over

the hills will not be a very plain one, and we may get off from that."

"I think not," interrupted Ahmet. "We can find the way. If we turn back, it will take us till nearly night to get around to the village you spoke of; and I don't believe there is a suitable place for you to stop."

"Very well; let us try the new way."

To this all agreed; yet not without some misgiving.

"If we had not with us these children to take care of, the case would be different; for myself, I don't feel like risking too much," said one who felt a motherly interest in what the baskets contained. Yet, on the whole, it seemed best to go on. We found the left-hand road over the mountains. It turned from the larger path, just where the shepherd had told us it would. But soon the way became very steep, and what was called a road, proved to be only a kind of goat-path over and between the rough hillsides. Many times we must travel on immense ledges, and climb rocks, so precipitous that it seemed as if the baskets would fall over back of the mule as he clambered up. Ahmet was forced

to dismount and lead his horse, while I took charge of the mule. Hadji kept close behind the children, with the ladies and Mr. Lane in his rear. We went up, we went down; we followed zigzag paths around the sides of the conical hills; we crept along under steep declivities, and yet we found no place from which we might emerge into a clear path beyond. "Where shall we come out?" was the question each one was revolving in mind, though only hopeful words were spoken. The afternoon was fast passing. Nothing anywhere in the distance, which seemed like the plain of Misli. But at last we come to an old Turkish burying-ground beside the way.

"How came this here?" asked Mr. Lane.

"These graves show that there is a village among these hills, not very far away; but how near we can't tell. It nowhere appears."

"Why, then, should they bury their dead away off here?"

"It is, as I suppose, that all good Mohammedans may offer a prayer for their souls, as they pass by."

"I think I can discover something in that lot

ahead of us, which indicates that there is a man there," said Hadji.

"Good; there we may inquire the way."

"But what is that thing we see there?" asked Mr. Lane.

"It is 'a lodge in a garden of cucumbers,' — only these are probably melons. It is simply a booth, made of bushes, resting on poles, laid in the crotches of sticks stuck in the ground. Under them an old rush mat is thrown down. This completes the dwelling-place of the man who stays in his field night and day, to watch his property."

We come up to the man in the booth.

"Bâbâ,* can you tell us whether we are on the direct road to Misli?"

The old man takes the long stick through which he had been drawing tobacco smoke, away from his mouth, and looks up at the party before him in utter astonishment.

"You are going wrong, Chelabi. You should have kept to the left. This road would take you to Hassan Dagh. You must turn square around, and go back about half an hour, till you

* Father.

come to a road winding around the hill — there, you see that craggy point — it's right under that."

"How far from that point to Misli?"

"About two hours."

This was indeed discouraging. Had we kept on the right way at the outset, we might now have been at our stopping-place. To reclimb the hills we had passed, and then, perhaps, find others more difficult still, was not a pleasant prospect. But choice was no longer left to us. So we turned back. Soon the little girl in the basket was awake, and asking for something to eat. We stopped at the first dry place we found, took the children out of the baskets, gave them food, and tried to fix them up again for the rest of the way. But the little girl could be comfortable no longer in her basket; so, getting from the leather bags a bundle large enough to balance the boy, we put that into her place, and I took her before me on my horse. We went slowly on. There were but two and a half hours till sunset. We must get through by the light of day. Travelling by night over unknown roads, or rather, trying to follow a hardly dis-

cernible path, would never do. Especially it would not do, in a wild and almost uninhabited region. More especially, it would not do for a party containing women and children. It was, therefore, with no little anxiety, that from the top of the first high hill our path led us over, we tried to discern something that we could call the village of Misli. Misli did not appear. But now one encouraging circumstance — we meet a man in the road. We eagerly ask him about the way. "Straight ahead, right straight ahead; you can't miss your way," he said. And then he begged for a little tobacco. Having gone about half a mile, we arrive at a place where the path becomes two instead of one, and each seems equally "straight." What now? which way?

"Just as I expected," said Hadji. "We never ask these ignorant villagers, but they say 'Straight ahead.' The roads are all plain to *them;* they never think of those that turn off from the way they want to go, any more than they do of the rocks beside their path. Every time they tell you just the same: 'Go straight on.'"

"Yes, I've found it so in about every case. But now, which of these roads? Who can tell us which to take?"

This time we take the left-hand. After proceeding some distance, we come to a road that seems much more like a travelled path. We decide that this must lead to Misli. At last the hills are past, and we have come to the plain. There is now one hour before sunset. We press on as fast as our tired animals can carry us; but at best they can only walk slowly.

"Where is Misli?" is the oft-repeated inquiry.

"It must be near." And another responds, "Yes, it must be near." So our work came to be mostly whistling to each other, to keep up the courage of the party. The sun was about setting. The mud on the plain was becoming deep. The horses jogged along. The ladies were getting very tired. The children had fallen asleep. My arms were beginning to feel as if they could n't support their burden much longer.

Hadji says, "Let me take the child."

"No; she 'll wake up. Let her keep quiet, if she will. We can't be far from Misli."

"But ought we to go further this way, Bodville?"

"I'm sure I don't know; let us stop and look about us a little."

"Ah, that's good. Thanks to God," exclaimed Hadji. "There are men coming from their fields."

These men came up from behind us, riding their donkeys, and holding their long spades across the donkeys' shoulders.

"Can you tell us where Misli is?"

"Come with us; we are going right there."

We gladly follow them. They take us through by-paths and narrow ways, between the high walls that protected the vineyards, and across ditches, dug for the purpose of irrigation, till at last we find ourselves among a few houses, standing not as they usually do in villages, as close together as possible, but scattered about, one here and another there. It is now half an hour after sunset.

By inquiry we find the room for travellers, and dismount. Our accommodations were better than we had dared to hope we should have. The room was large, had a board floor, and a

fireplace at the farther end. The owner was very polite, helping us carry in our baggage. But it was with difficulty that the ladies could walk, on dismounting. The children were hungry and began to cry. Many of our things were wet. There was no fire, and apparently no fuel of any kind to be had. The people had observed us, as we came into the village, and, wondering who we were, began to collect in our room. The village priest also came to bid us welcome. He said he and his people — they were all Greeks — were glad to see us. I understood why; but still his kind words were cheering, and Hadji and I talked with him as much as the circumstances would allow. But that was not a great deal just then, for we were trying to find a place, among the crowd, where we could sit down, or stand up, and especially were we making inquiries for fuel. We felt as if we were ready to give all we had for something with which to make a fire. A half-dozen youngsters were standing and gazing at us. They would frequently change their positions to get a better view. It was plain that they regarded us as interesting.

"I say, boys, can't you find some fuel for us?"

"Don't think there is any."

"Yes, there is; there is wood enough here. You bring me some, and I'll pay you for it."

"Can't find any."

"I know where there is a little," said a small boy, somewhat in the rear of those who were so intent on making a personal examination of our faces.

"Very good; go, my lad, and get us what we need, and I'll give you a bakshesh."

He starts off; very soon he reappears with a few small sticks in his arms.

"This is n't enough. We are wet. We must have a good fire. Bring us ten times as much."

"Can't find any more."

"Well, I shan't give anything till I see more wood. Bring me what I need, and I'll give you a good bakshesh."

Now half a dozen boys rush out, and after a little, come in with their arms full of sticks.

"Bravo! This is a little more like it. But now, how about that bakshesh? I agreed to pay *one* of you for getting the wood."

"We all want a bakshesh; we all together got the wood!"

"The bakshesh is *mine*," said the little boy that first brought in a few sticks.

"But you said you could n't find any more."

"We all want a bakshesh; we all got the wood. Come, give us our bakshesh."

"The wood was mine; these fellows rushed in ahead of me and took it out of my hands," insisted the little boy.

"That 's a lie; that 's a lie. The wood was n't any of it yours. You stole from ours what you got in the first place. Bakshesh! bakshesh!"

As it was impossible to tell whether some of them told the truth, or whether they all lied, I divided the present among them, thus giving several times the worth of the wood.

"This is too small; shame!" cried all the boys together. And they laid down the copper pieces that I had given, and began to walk off.

"We won't touch it; we won't touch it; give us our bakshesh," they said, still lingering within the door, though pretending to leave in great anger.

"Very well," I said, coolly, and began to pick

up the money and put it in my pocket. Hadji had been busy in trying to make a fire. So far it was chiefly smoke, and that refusing to take the more natural way out of the chimney. Now turning to the boys, he said, in the terribly stern and authoritative manner he could assume when occasion called for it, "Clear out and be off with yourselves. The Bodville has given you three times the worth of your wood."

I continued putting the pieces of money in my pocket.

"Give me my bakshesh, then, — give me my bakshesh." Now the tones began to be a little more like entreaty. I again gave the money, and the young fragments of impudence scud into the darkness.

They thought they should not only get larger pay for the wood, but also something additional for the trouble they could make me. They were sons of their fathers — Greeks, very sharp in making bargains.

After a good deal of effort on our part, — poking and blowing, and looking at it, — our wet wood began to burn. The smoke began to go up chimney. Our room put on a cheerful

appearance. Some supper was brought to us; the little table, put down before the blazing fire, soon became the centre of interest. We fed the children while they were getting warm and dry. We all enjoyed our meal exceedingly. How little it often takes to make us happy! In this case it only needed a bowl of soup and some coarse bread, of which we all partook in common, our large wooden spoons taking their turns in the dish. The same women that brought in the table came and carried it out. Being Christian women, they were not veiled; they only wore the handkerchief around the mouth and chin.

"How strange these women look, with their mouths tied up," remarked Mr. Lane. "Does it indicate that they are to keep silence?"

"If it does, it is evident the indications fail sometimes," replied Mrs. Giles.

"Why? can they use their tongues?"

"You heard these boys talk; they can't begin to keep up with their mothers, when they really try. Such sharp scolding! I think it goes a little beyond anything else that I ever heard."

"Do these Greek women excel all others in the use of their tongues?'

"I think they do; if any such comparison can properly be made. They can all scold fiercely enough when they get angry."

"I shall be happy to show you our new church in the morning," said the priest, as he rose to leave.

"We shall be glad to visit it. May we expect you early?"

"At any time when it may be convenient for you."

He bade us good night. All the villagers present, including the owner of the room, also left. We were quite alone.

"Another chance to get a bakshesh," said Hadji. "Yes; but we shall enjoy visiting their new church. It is a real curiosity."

"This has been an eventful day," said Mr. Lane. "Have you ever had any experiences similar to this before?"

"I have once or twice lost my way; but never to wander about as we have this time. Our care for these little children in the storm reminds me of an accident that befell us when we were coming up to Cesarea from Tarsus, on first reaching this country. We were among

the Taurus mountains, and had spent the night at an old khan in the pass — the famous Cilician Gates. It was a cold morning in December. The wind was piercing. We had gone, perhaps, half a mile, when we came to a stream of clear, swiftly-running water, which we must ford. Kitabgee Garabet was leading the horse that carried the baskets containing these two children — the youngest then only about a year old. He went ahead. He was just in the midst of the stream, when the wind, striking more forcibly against the baskets, turned the pack-saddle, with its not sufficiently tightened girth, over the side of the horse. The boy went down, and the little girl up. I was yet on the bank, when I saw the babe describe a semicircle in the air, and fall in the cold stream. I heard one shriek from its mother, whose horse was behind mine, and the next thing that I could afterwards recall, was of standing in the water beside the baskets. Kitabgee had already caught up the child, and was carrying her to the opposite bank. Mr. Bartlett and I seized hold of the basket that was under the horse, and, by dint of hard lifting, succeeded in righting the

saddle. This basket had just escaped dipping the water, and so the little boy was not wet. Then followed the consultation. What should be done with the babe? Her clothes were soaked with the cold water. There was but a moment in which to think and to act. To go back would be of no use. There was no fire at the old khan. There was no other house near. To stand there would be to let the child freeze. Mr. Bartlett took a large, thick comfortable, in which we wrapped the dripping little creature, and put her back into her basket. We started on, and she went to sleep. We heard not a sound from her for five hours — the distance we travelled that day. At our stopping-place for the night, we fortunately found an unusually good khan; there was an abundance of dry wood, and a large fireplace in which to burn it. As soon as the room was well-heated, we unrolled the babe, put on dry clothes, and hung up the wet ones before the fire. She did not appear to have received any injury from her cold bath and *pack*, and so our hearts were glad."

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER THE RAIN.

IT was a perfect morning. The air was soft and sweet, and so still that not a leaf was stirred; the birds sang unusual notes of joy, as they welcomed the rising sun, now beginning to pour a flood of yellow light over all the surrounding hills. Who could blame us for emerging in haste from our den, filled with the stifling air of the stable? It seemed as if we had grown several inches taller during the night — such was the sudden elation of our drooping spirits, as we breathed the fresh air of this new day. Neither was our most companionable guest more than usually troubled to find some question to ask.

"Where do all these people live? There seem to be very few houses here?"

"There are more houses than you can see. Observe that opening in the ground there. It

is much like the doorway of an old-fashioned out-door cellar in New England. Through that you enter one of their houses. And so they are everywhere about us. We walk over them without knowing it. A few have recently been built above ground; but I understand that once there were none such; all were beneath the surface. And so secure were these villagers in their subterranean abodes, that when in 1839, Ibrahim Pasha, marching against the Sultan, brought his army up here, he was unable to get possession of this contemptible little place. The inhabitants used their old flint-locks with deadly effect, firing out of their doors, as from so many loop-holes in a fortification, while the cannon of the invader could only rake the ground above their heads."

"But there is one very large building. Is that the church which the priest proposed to show us?"

"It is, and there he is now, going towards our room. Let us get there before him!"

"Good morning," said the polite religious teacher of the village, as he opened the door of our stable-abode. This priest was a very fine-

looking man. His form was erect, his features perfect, his hair black, his beard faultless. He was dressed in a long robe of broadcloth, while having on his head a peculiar kind of cap, somewhat resembling a gentleman's silk hat, worn with the brim upwards. At our request he gave us some account of their church. "The building which you are about to visit," said the priest, "is the product of seven years of labor. All the inhabitants of our village, besides their other taxes, civil and ecclesiastical, gave one-tenth of their income for seven years, to build this house for the worship of God. And they have never regretted it. They love this church next to their own lives. They would lose all their property sooner than see it destroyed. But when will you be ready?"

"In about an hour, if you will call, we will go with you."

The priest had no sooner gone, than the women with bandaged chins came in again with our morning meal. This hospitality was a great kindness. Our breakfast consisted of eggs cooked in fat, in which it was intended that the broken pieces of bread should be sopped with

our fingers. A bowl of sheep's milk, with warm bread from the village ovens, might be called the second course. We greatly enjoyed our food, and were glad to compensate those who had so thoughtfully furnished it. Of course, a bakshesh was expected. Still among the rudest people of the East, as well as the more intelligent, hospitality is one of the few remaining proofs of the better life of the generations long passed away. Among Western peoples, modern changes and methods of living, while not destroying the feeling of hospitality in the heart — it may be there in much greater measure — has caused the showing of it to the stranger to become one of the lost arts.

While engaged in our family devotions, the priest again appeared at our door. We all went with him to his church, which he showed us, in every part, with the greatest good will. In one respect, it differs widely from nearly all other churches — Greek or Armenian — which we find in Turkey. It is new. It has nothing of the usually old and dingy appearance. Everything about it is fresh and bright. Yet it shows very plainly the coarser, more unfinished work

of the modern carpenter and mason of that part of the country. This edifice is very properly the pride of the village. It is about as large as all the visible dwelling-houses, put together. But the frescoing of the walls is that which is particularly remembered by the visitor. Almost the entire inner surface of the building is covered with these rude paintings. From them the people get their theology. As usual in such cases, the scenes begin with Adam and Eve, in a state of innocent naturalness, and after following through long ages the course of biblical history, including patriarchs, kings, prophets, and apostles, the church comes in with her multitude of confessors and saints, till, taking one broad sweep over the centuries, the judgment scene reveals the consummation of all things. The Almighty himself, sitting in the background, looks calmly on, as the angels weigh off the poor souls in their great balances, placing a few in the felicity of the right hand, while they crowd a great multitude of naked wretches into the livid tongues of flame, that issue from the pit, on the left. In these pictures, Methuselah, Noah, and Abraham, the kings and prophets of

the old dispensation and the apostles of the new, as well as the representative men of the more modern church, all strikingly resemble each other in dress and feature. If they should chance to get mixed up, it would be very difficult to put the right men back into the right places. We ventured to ask our polite guide, whether it was because these men, before their death, became so very *good*, that they all grew into the same likeness — and he could n't tell.

To get on the road again, was, this morning, a very agreeable duty. The contrast with our experiences yesterday was so great, that our hearts could sing with the happy birds flitting at our side. After spending a night in a stable, nothing could be pleasanter than the clear shining sun after the rain.

By the side of our road are camels, turned loose to feed. They are cropping a coarse and exceedingly prickly thistle. Their skill in doing this is quite remarkable. They bite it off near the ground, and draw it into their mouths in such a way, that all the sharp points lie flat and harmless on their rough tongues. It is sup-

posed to be this thistle from which our Saviour says men do not gather figs. At least, the translators of the Turkish Bible so understand it; for we read there that men do not gather figs of the camel-thistle.

Near a spring of water by the roadside, we notice a little shrub covered thickly with bits of old rags that have been tied to its twigs.

"What kind of fruit does this tree bear?" asked Mr. Lane. "It seems now to be producing a crop of old rags."

"It never bears anything else; but these are found on it the year around."

"Who put them there?"

"People who have passed along this road. They tear little bits from their tattered garments and tie them to a bush like this, hoping that thus they may be relieved of some disease. They especially try to get rid of fever and ague in this way."

"How do you suppose such a custom could have originated?"

"I have never heard it explained. It is easy to understand how a superstitious people can come to think that some virtue proceeds from

the grave of a very ancient, and so very holy, man, and thus try to secure an interest in that virtue, by attaching to the grave something from their own persons, as we see they do in this country; but what profit one can suppose he shall derive from tying bits of his old, ragged clothing to a shrub by the wayside, it is not easy to perceive."

"Who are those men that we are about to meet? They have strange-looking hats on."

"They are dervishes. They are in a special sense religious people. Their head-dress is indicative of their superior degree of piety. It is made of wool, very thick, so as to retain its shape, which is cylindrical, decreasing slightly in size, as it continues up to an extraordinary height. It has no brim, so that it can hardly be beneficial to the wearer, except religiously. If one choose, he can take it for granted that it was designed to point to the skies — something like a church spire — to show that the man beneath it spends his time in a contemplation of heavenly things."

"But I should think it would be of more prac-

tical benefit just now if he were to wear something to shade his eyes a little."

"Yes, but in that regard, the little red fez is worth no more. Many are the eyes that are injured by wearing it. And there are those who would be glad to put on a hat in its place; but they do not dare to. Such, in this country, is the tyranny of established customs."

"For what purpose are the little ditches, running at regular intervals across these ploughed fields?"

"They are for irrigation. The water is allowed to run in one till the ground beside it has received a supply, and then it is turned into the next, and so on. The farmer stands beside the little stream of water, as it pushes itself along, and turns it this way or that, as he will, by crowding his foot into the softened earth, and so making a way for the running stream.* He thus waters all the ground evenly. And just ahead of us is a company of men ploughing. Let us see how they do it, as we come up. You notice that they only scratch up the dirt a little. It is not much like ploughing."

* Deu. xi. 10.

"There appear to be four or five yoke of cattle."

"Yes, five. But there are also five ploughs. You remember that Elisha was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen, and he with the twelfth;* that is, he was bringing up the rear. There must have been twelve ploughs and twelve men to guide them. They follow one another, each adding his little scratch; and then all return on the same side. They never go around the land, as our farmers say. There is no need of that; for the plough turns the soil as much to the one side as the other. Notice also the yoke that these people put on their cattle. It is only a long, straight piece of wood, with bows at the ends. The bows also are in two parts, — one part coming down straight, and the other crooking around at the bottom to meet it, and is tied to it with a string."

"How poor and weak these oxen are! One good team in America would draw about as much as the whole of them."

"That's true; but how could these cattle be otherwise? They are starved in the winter,

* 1 Kings, xix. 19.

having to browse for a living, except that when the ground is covered with snow, they are fed with the fine straw from the threshing-floors; and in the summer, too, they find very little grass. They eat the weeds and stubble in the fields, or are driven up the hillsides, where they may find something a little more green and fresh. Then the people take no pains to improve their live-stock. Everything is done in the most careless, left-to-take-care-of-itself way; of course there is no improvement, but only degeneracy.

"Can you see that plough? It has but one handle. You know the Bible speaks of putting one's hand (not hands) to the plough. The goad is held in the other hand. It is always just that long stick, which you see each one carrying. It has a sharp iron point. The ox is constantly pricked with it; but he finds it hard and useless to kick against it." *

"But is that plough nothing but wood? It looks more like the root of a tree than anything else."

"It has a flat piece of iron driven on for a

* Acts ix. 5.

point, or nose. Each farmer has to go to the blacksmith to get his 'coulter' sharpened, as the Hebrews were obliged to apply to the Philistines, when they were not allowed to have smiths of their own." *

"Do you ever see different kinds of animals yoked together?"

"I have only seen the ox and the buffalo used in that way; but once I saw two very small oxen at one end of the yoke, and one large ox to balance them at the other end.

"Now look at that man at work there with a hoe; would you like to try to use such a thing as that?"

"I think not; but why does n't he put a handle in it? What he uses for a handle is a stick about two feet long."

"He uses that because his father and his grandfather used such; and the hoe, too, is very awkward and heavy — as large as three or four of ours. He thus bends down almost to the ground, while often the hot sun strikes squarely upon his back. The women sweep their rooms in the same way. Their brooms have no handles

* 1 Sam. xiii. 20.

at all. These people never stop to ask, while doing their work, whether there is any easier way. What has been, is that which is, and that is sufficient."

"What is that man coming up to our road for?"

"Undoubtedly to ask for tobacco. They improve every opportunity to get a smoke. Probably, if he must choose between something for his dinner and a little tobacco, he would choose the latter."

"Good morning, Chelabi; have you any tobacco?"

"No. I never smoke."

The poor man turns back disappointed. He is out of money, and can get a little tobacco only as he may be able to beg it.

"Who are they, rushing on to meet us? Are they a band of robbers?" asked Mr. Lane, betraying a little trepidation.

"By no means; that is the Turkish post."

"Surely, I thought they were highwaymen. They look as if they might be."

"The post is always carried thus, by a little company of men, strongly armed. Hurrying

their horses, they ride night and day. Some of these men sleep but little for a week, when on the road. Their power of endurance is astonishing. They start from Constantinople with a peculiar cry, or whoop, while they crack their long whips, and their horses' hoofs rattle on the rough pavements. Their whips are not for the horses which they ride, but for those that they drive along with them. Did you not notice three or four horses with little bags on their backs?"

"Yes; and I wondered why they should be carrying such small loads."

"Their loads were quite sufficient. They were made up of gold and silver coin. In this way the government transports the money which it receives. Private individuals also send money by mail."

"Is the mail never robbed?"

"Not often. The government would show itself pretty efficient in hunting up men who had dared to touch its property of that kind. It is rare that anything is lost from the post. I don't know that I have yet lost a letter or a paper in that way. During the famine, I fre-

quently had a thousand pounds at a time forwarded to me from Constantinople. Once a post-office clerk remarked that he wished they would send *him* money for the poor. But he did not dare to try to appropriate what had come to me. Such a record was made of it, that it would have been impossible for him to do so.

"Now let me show you something else. You have often read of Eastern shepherdesses, as the perfection of beauty in its wild state. In symmetry and elegance of form, they are very nymphs, while their song is as sweet, though not so fatal, as that of the siren. They are the loveliness of nature, uninjured by the arts of man and human device. Such are they in poetry and romance. Well, there is one in real life. She is with her father, assisting him in tending his cattle, donkeys, and sheep. Observe her uncombed hair, her tattered garments, her rough, black hands, her mud-bespattered feet, her coarse features and sun-burnt face, her vacant stare, as we pass — does she fill out your ideal?"

"Yes, she comes as near to it as a stable-broom does to a parlor dust-brush. But see the

sheep that she is tending. Do they all have such big tails?"

"All that are raised here are of this kind."

"I remember that I once saw the picture of a sheep carrying its tail upon a little cart, that had been attached to it for that purpose."

"In pictures, sheep can carry their tails in that way. But when you see one in the pasture doing so, won't you please let me know; I'd like to come and see it, too. The enlargement of the tail is on either side, at its very roots, and not at all near the end, where it might fall on the ground. It is a mass of pure fat; and, in this country, where, at times, feed is very scarce, it seems to serve the same purpose as the hump on the back of a camel. Nature makes wonderful provision for all sorts of necessities."

"What are those beautiful white creatures, with little horns and long, wavy hair? Are they goats?"

"They are the Angora goat, or '*teftic.*' They produce the celebrated mohair of commerce. Fine creatures they are, indeed."

"I would be glad to take some of them to America with me."

"But they don't flourish when taken away from their native hills. They lose their peculiar beauty and become common. The silkiness of their fleece disappears."

"See what is ahead of us in the road," interrupted Hadji.

"Yes, I do see. The brethren are waiting for us at the old fountain; but they don't see us yet."

"They will pretty soon;" and Hadji started his horse upon a lively run. Soon the horses of our friends in waiting were coming towards us at about the same speed. Greetings, words of welcome, inquiries about friends, — and the hour is soon past. We are at the door of our whole-hearted and devoted preacher, — once a rough in the streets of Constantinople, — Kilabgee Garabet Agha. His hospitality is overflowing. But though, like Martha, he is cumbered with much serving, he has no reason to complain that the brethren have left him to serve alone. All make us welcome. We arrive about noon. Coffee is served; then a lunch, followed by coffee. As our time is short, and to-morrow will be the Sabbath, business must be pushed. Two o'clock

is the hour appointed for a meeting with the brethren, to talk over their ecclesiastical matters, and see what can be done for another year. All come together, and a most friendly but earnest conversation ensues. The Protestant community has grown a little stronger of late; two men of some wealth and influence have been added, and it seems very desirable that some advance should be made in the direction of self-support. So far the people have given only one-fourth of the preacher's salary. They are asked if it be not possible to come up to one-third. We urge that new openings are before us on every side; that we want to do more with the money that we are to receive from the Board this year than we have ever done before; but above all, that they should learn to bear their own burdens as far as possible, that they may thus grow stronger, take a deeper interest in their work, which is more theirs than ours, and so become missionaries and pioneer laborers in their own city, and the places about them. Thus the talk is continued for two hours; yet the pledges rise but a trifle above what was promised one year ago. Reasons are given for

not doing more, — many of them not without force. One or two of the brethren have met with serious losses; one, though doing fairly in his business, must support his father and mother and invalid brother; another has continued under a heavy burden of debt, and all have suffered greatly from the unprecedented exactions of the government.

It is finally agreed that the matter rest till after the prayer-meeting in the evening.

We are all invited to take supper at Hohannis Agha's; so, together with Preacher Garabet, we go there immediately after our meeting breaks up. We had not been sitting long before the little table is brought into the room. We gather around it, on cushions and mats, spread on the floor. Long towels are laid around the table, upon our knees, as we sit, to serve as napkins. A plate is put before each of us Americans, because it is thought this will be more agreeable. The food is brought in, one kind at a time. The first course is soup. This is eaten with the large wooden spoons, that have been laid around the table; next comes a very sweet dish, something like pastry; next a

chicken. This is brought and put on the table whole, and carved with the fingers. A dainty bit is passed over in the same manner to us, the guests, as a mark of special respect. After the chicken, which is cooked so as to be very sweet and tender, comes a course of mutton. This is broiled, and cut in little bits, to be taken with the fingers, or with forks. This meat is highly seasoned with garlic; and, being just warm enough to bring into lively activity the peculiar qualities of this vegetable, some of us find great difficulty in properly disposing of what is put before us. But, as not to eat the food of our kind host, would be to treat him with disrespect, we make an effort to do our duty — an effort worthy of a good cause. We swallow a little, and this being so kind as to stay down, in spite of influences which seem to us to be making such a result uncertain, we are emboldened to try to excuse ourselves, when urged to eat more. A dish of rice pelav is the last course. So now we rise and sit on the divan, and the table is carried out of the room. This has been a very frugal meal, for one to which guests are specially invited, and not fully in accordance with the

custom of the wealthy people, which would require the bringing on of a great many courses. The wife of our host did not sit at the table, neither any other women, except the invited guests. They acted as waiters. After we are seated on the divan, a ewer is brought for us to wash our hands. The water is poured upon them. After each has thus washed his hands, every one in the room makes the temenâ, and wishes him health. Then coffee is served. After this the native brethren begin to smoke their cigarettes. By and by we ask for a glass of water. It is proper to ask for it; but it is never given without; neither is anything else furnished, as drink with the food at the table. As each drinks his glass of water, all in turn again make the temenâ, and wish him health.

After a few minutes spent in conversation, the young son of Hohannis Agha comes in to report that the pasha says he shall be happy to receive the chelabi at four o'clock Monday morning.

Asking permission of our host to leave, as it is now about time for the prayer-meeting, we put on our shoes, which had been left at the

door, and proceed on our way back to Garabet Agha's. In leaving, there is no looking for hats — except that we Americans may have to do so — and no trouble in finding wraps, or thrown-off garments. Were it ever so cold, it would be just the same. No garment is ever taken off on entering a house, except the shoes. These are always of a kind which admit of the owner's stepping into them, as he passes out of the door. So many things in Oriental life are exceedingly simple and time-saving.

The prayer-meeting was attended by nearly all the brethren, and, for the most part, their families also came with them. There were now only one or two of the wives, who would still oppose their husbands, and have nothing to do with the Protestants. The prayers were warm and earnest, and a good spirit prevailed. After the meeting, the brethren consulted together for some time, when they decided to try to raise the one-third which had been proposed. Some had made this advance out of their deep poverty; but they were the most happy of all over the step which had been taken. We now felt like having a praise-meeting. Many matters

were discussed. Some petty difficulties were settled. Some complaints were heard and answered. The case of one brother who had backslidden was brought up. It appeared that the preacher and the committee had labored with him long and faithfully. There seemed to be little more to be done, except to pray. All joined in special prayer for the wandering one. It was resolved to make one additional effort, before any more decisive action were taken. Among other things, the matter of using tobacco was debated earnestly and at great length. All took my arguments in a kind spirit, as now a tender feeling prevailed, and their consciences, even upon this subject, were somewhat active. They all admitted that it was a bad habit, aside from its expensiveness. On reckoning up, they found that they were actually giving more for the worse than useless weed than for the maintenance of their religious privileges, and for the conversion of the unevangelized around them. This calculation served to put a serious face on the matter. Should they spend more for themselves, in the form of an injurious luxury, and withal a filthy

habit, than they were giving to Him who had redeemed them? Should they give more for tobacco than they were willing to give to save the souls of the perishing? They could really say nothing to this; and yet the habit had become so inveterate, that they felt as if they could not change. How could they live without their tobacco? I suggested that some persons, after using it many years, had broken away from it entirely — could they not do the same for Jesus' sake? They were thoughtful. Some began to say that they were about resolved to make the attempt. They acknowledged that they *ought* to do it. It was a shame to spend their money in this way, and then ask the Board to help them. But at this point, one of the brethren, feeling that it would be next to impossible for himself to give up the habit, and, casting about to see what could be done to save himself and his tobacco both, asked, "Do not many Christians in America use tobacco? Does not Rev. Dr. So-and-so use it? Does not Prof. Such-an-one use it? I have heard from those who have friends in America that this is the case."

I tried to reply, but my arguments stuck in my throat. With shame I was obliged to admit the truth of what had been said. And if such people, upon whom God had showered his most abundant blessings, must pollute themselves, and the pure air around them, burning up their money instead of giving it to carry the Gospel to the perishing — if they can do thus, what could I say to these few poor brethren, who had no other "luxury?" As a result, no one thought he was quite ready to leave off yet, and there the matter ended.

We retired to rest at midnight. After just falling into a quiet slumber, we were all awakened by a great racket in the streets. Mr. Lane, who was sleeping in an adjoining room, came to my door.

"What 's the matter now? Is there a fire? Are the people fighting? Or what is this bedlam? I should suppose all the gongs, tin pans, tin kettles, and brass kettles, and kettles of all other kinds, had been brought out. There is a constant firing of guns. What 's the matter?" So much from my friend, without stopping to take breath.

"I'm afraid you are more excited than the people out of doors. It occurs to me this moment that there is an eclipse of the moon to-night. Would that I had been sufficiently thoughtful of my friends, and had forewarned you; it might have contributed something towards a desirable serenity of mind, just at this time of night. They are only endeavoring to frighten off the monster, that, as they say, is trying to devour the fair queen of heaven. By means of such confusion — beating of tin pans with fire-shovels, banging away with old guns and pistols, screaming and yelling, and doing whatever else will make night hideous — they have, in times past, succeeded in saving the moon; and they hope to do it again."

"Is this the way they always do?"

"Just this; and the more people there are together, that is, the larger the place, the greater the demonstration. This is about an average affair. I think you would do well to regard the moon as safe, and go back to bed.

My good friend subsided.

The sun rose clear and bright — a lovely Sabbath morning. In good season, with the

ARMENIAN BISHOP. (See page 223.)

preacher and his family, we were all on our way to the place of Divine service. The Greeks and Armenians had all been to their churches, and were now at work, as usual during the week, or else were spending the day in visiting and amusement. The Turks were all at work. The streets were crowded. It is the fair-day, and so the people have come in from all sides, and are filling the vacant spaces with their fruits, their farm produce and their wares of various kinds. Horses, cattle, and donkeys are also huddled together for sale.

"How is this," asked my astonished American friend; "why are these streets so full of people?"

"This is the fair-day for this vicinity. It is not now on the Sabbath in every place; yet long ago the Turks obliged the people to have their fairs on the day of the Christians' Sabbath — thus showing their contempt of the day, and of those who would observe it. And so it has come to pass that, in the Turkish language, the Sabbath is now called *Fair-day*."

The shops and stores were all open, with the exception of two, belonging to Protestants. As

we passed along, we were the occasion of wonder and general amusement, on all sides. It was the two hats seen in our company, that thus attracted attention. Yet only two or three children attempted anything like abuse. The people mostly contented themselves with staring, and making remarks. We were glad to reach our place of worship. The congregation was larger than usual, as the Protestant brethren had taken pains to let their relatives and acquaintances know that we had come. They thus endeavor to improve every occasion to excite the curiosity of others, and get them to come and hear the Gospel. The number of people now in the room where we worshipped, could be easily ascertained by counting the pairs of shoes at the door. Hadji Harotune preached, after which the communion was administered. Preacher Garabet also made a very tender address. In the afternoon the entire congregation met as a Sabbath-school. After the school, I proposed to the children to form an anti-tobacco society, similar to that now in successful operation in Cesarea. All favored it. The brethren, though not yet coming up to the point of break-

ing off themselves, urged the young not to become bound hand and foot with the cords and fetters of such a pernicious habit. Eleven boys formed the nucleus of the new society.

Going home, we pass a Turkish school. We know what it is, because we can *hear* the children study. It is a peculiar sound — the mingling of so many young voices, as the lesson is read over in concert. Just at our door we encountered a company of *zābeks*, as they are called. They were attracting almost as much attention as we ourselves, as they are rarely seen in Nigdeh. They evidently appeared to most of the people to be as strange human beings as we, and their dress as outlandish as ours, yet what they wore on the head was not quite equal to our *hats*. The boys would be a little more inclined to hoot after us, than to make fun of them. They are wild mountaineers, from the region of Aidin, to the south of Smyrna. In the time of war, they always constitute a part of the irregular soldiery. If, in the eyes of the people, their dress is not so far from all known and acceptable styles as that of the Americans, it is still sufficiently queer. On

their heads they put a stiff fez, in shape and height like a sugar-loaf. This they wind with a small shawl in such a manner as to leave its little tassels on the edge, running spirally from the top to the bottom, just like the winding path to the top of the tower of Babel, as seen in pictures. Whether this is a style that they have kept up ever since the dispersion, in order that they may be thus reminded of the great undertaking of their ancestors, is a question for the curious to consider. Below this head-gear they wear a very short jacket, the lower edge of which just meets the girdle. This latter is of unparalleled width, often covering more than half of the body. Beneath it is worn a pair of breeches, which are not usually much more than one foot in length, made of white cotton-cloth, and which always appear to ignorant observers to be just dropping off. Sometimes there is a pair of stockings below; but never meeting the breeches. Their feet are either bare or protected by a kind of shoes, much like heavy, rough, loose slippers. The girdle is the receptacle of everything that is to be carried on the person — pistols, long knife, sword, pipe, purse, etc. Many

times both shoes and stockings are entirely wanting; but more often the stockings. The shoes may be worn without them.

"Who can these men be?" inquired Mr. Lane; "are they dressed in this way for the fun of it?"

"Perhaps so; but it is a kind of fun which they have every day. I'm glad you have an opportunity to see some specimens. It is not often that they get up this way. In regard to their origin, no one seems to have any certain information. I have asked many; but could learn nothing. They are probably descendants of some of the original inhabitants of the country. Like most of the wild tribes found here, in religion, they are semi-pagan Mohammedans."

"Good morning, Bodville."

"Good morning, brethren. Glad to see you. You have come just in time. We must now go to call on the pasha. But how shall we present our case? Can we form any plan of operations?"

"Perhaps not," replied Kitabgee; "but I think we should make it understood that if nothing

can be done here, we shall appeal to the authorities at Constantinople."

"By all means," added Hadji, with emphasis. All the brethren were of the same mind.

"That must be our last resort," I replied; "there is certainly no other way. But in the regular order of procedure, we should first appeal to the Governor-general at Konia. He can set things right if he will, and that it may appear that we have observed all due forms of law, perhaps we had better be at the trouble of making the case known to the Vâli.* If the pasha here should favor us, and do justice, so much the better; but I don't expect it."

A half an hour later, and we were drinking coffee with His Excellency, the governor, while listening to his polite words and his repeated assurances of good-will. According to his own most emphatic statements, he was a special and very particular lover of justice; he had come to Nigdeh to see that all the people enjoyed their rights. No man, however humble, or whatever his religious creed, should be injured so much as one hair of his head, wherever the paternal

* The governor-general of a province.

arm of his authority could reach. We urged upon his immediate attention the case of our imprisoned brother at Urgûp. He replied that he would send for a report of the entire proceedings in the case; he would know the whole, and administer strict justice without delay. Of course we thanked His Excellency, and, bowing our acknowledgments, left the room. The governor rose to shake hands with us, as we went away — intending it as a mark of very special respect.

But what was the report which he was about to send for? It was the report of the kaimakâm in Urgûp — the very man who was refusing to do anything for us. The governor must get his information through his subordinate; there is no other legal way. In its practical working, this is one of the worst matters connected with the Turkish method of administering justice. If an official denies you your rights, you appeal to his superior, but he listens to the man who is doing you the wrong, and *not to you.* He may, it is true, call any witnesses he pleases, and learn from any source; but the law requires him, first of all, to get the case from his subor-

dinate. And he accepts that which has been thus reported, as a finality, when he chooses. This often leaves the people under the heel of oppression, with none to hear their cries. Take, for example, the tax-gatherer and his victim; he is heard, while the man whom he has robbed is not. What redress under such a system?

"Do you expect this man will do anything for Bōdōs Agha?" asked the ladies, on our return to the house.

"I have little hope of it," replied Kitabgee. "The governor will get a report of the case from the kaimakâm — such a report as he will like to accept, and that will be all. He knows that we never give bribes. The only thing that remains to us, is to bring some kind of fear to bear upon him. He would n't like to have trouble made for him at headquarters; that is our only hope."

In the afternoon we went with our kind-hearted preacher to make calls on some prominent Armenians, who had of late shown a friendly spirit, and had invited him to their houses. It might prove to be an opportunity to gain some one of them to the truth. If not, the

influence of such men, when they manifest friendliness, is valuable. The ladies spent the day in visiting the Protestant families; and they were also able to gain admission to the houses of some who are beginning to have a little inclination to learn the truth. They reported hopeful progress; but still progress under difficulties. With one or two exceptions, the Protestant women were ignorant and weak in the faith. Some were just beginning to learn to read. They requested that a Bible-reader be employed. There was one woman of their number who appeared to be a person of excellent spirit, of pleasing address, and apparently capable of doing a great deal of good. She was doing something already; but, being poor, she could not spend a great deal of her time in instructing others without pecuniary compensation from some source.

"But we have no appropriation for a Bible-reader here," I observed.

"I will stand in the place of an appropriation for one year," said Mr. Lane.

"We can often get the money in some way for a work that has not been before provided for;

but I am in some doubt, after all, whether it would be best to accept your kind offer. What do you think of it, Mrs. Giles?"

"It is hard to decide; there is great need of the work; somebody must help these women; but, if they are to begin to see that whoever goes about Christian work among them is paid for it, that, I fear, will be an injury to them. We need, first of all, to develop in them a spirit of consecration, which will result in voluntary labor for Christ and the salvation of souls. There is great danger that we begin wrong, by giving them an example of hired Christian workers. They, in their ignorance, may get the impression that work for Christ must all be paid for, like the work of one man for another; that it must all be a formal and special thing instead of the free-will offering of a loving heart. That service which is the natural fruit of a life devoted to Christ, — a service due at all times and in all circumstances, is something very hard for them to understand. So the question is a difficult one."

"I agree with you fully. How best to begin work among this people, is a problem not yet

completely solved, I fear. It is certain that we ought to impart to them the right ideas of Christian work and duty at the outset. This is the foundation, on which all growth is to rest. So this is something which we must not sacrifice. We can better forego large numbers and much apparent success. For the real success of our work, one Protestant, with correct ideas of the Christian life, and a hearty consecration, is worth more than a dozen without these qualifications. Let us build on the Eternal Rock, however long it may take to begin our structure, or however small it may at first appear."

"I see," said Mr. Lane, "that there are more questions to be thought of in this missionary work than one might at first suppose. I see that there are many things which can only be learned by experience, and by observing the effect of certain methods of working, upon the minds and hearts of those whom you would save. I am aware that I see the outside only; and yet I think I can see enough to understand that while one is only looking on the outside, he cannot so well perceive what is inside; that there are, unavoidably, very many unreportable

things which have a bearing upon questions that come to the surface for solution. My visit to this missionary field is teaching me to sympathize more deeply, both with you and with those for whom you labor."

CHAPTER VIII.

AGAIN ON THE ROAD.

"HADJI, do you know how many hours it is from Nigdeh to Hassan Dagh?"

"Nine, I believe."

"Then we can't go further than the foot of the mountain to-day?"

"I should say not. We shall probably find some sort of stopping-place there."

"Yes, I have been through this way to Ak Serai once; there is a little Turkish village on the side of the mountain, where I stopped for the night. Suppose now we take our lunch at this fountain. The sun is not shining very bright. What do you say, ladies? Shall we dismount here?"

"We would like to."

A begging from the baskets decides the matter.

"I am greatly surprised that we should find such beautiful fountains by the roadside," re-

marked Mr. Lane. "Who has taken so much pains to bring the water from the distant hills, and build these really convenient places for travellers to receive it? Here is something which indicates a civilization, and a regard for the general welfare, quite exceptional."

"I don't wonder it strikes you so. I suppose some of these fountains might be called conscience fountains."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that some old gentleman, who has accumulated a large amount of money — not altogether in a manner most praiseworthy — knowing that his deeds will soon be weighed in the presence of Allâh, is desirous of putting a weight into the scale, that without some such effort of his, will inevitably appear too light; so he takes a part of his ill-gotten gains, and builds a fountain by the roadside, for the benefit of travellers. He puts a verse from the Koran over the flowing stream, which may suggest to those who receive its benefit the offering of a prayer in his behalf. Then if, after all, in the last settling up of his affairs with the Almighty, he should be doomed to purgatory, the prayers continually

offered will go to the credit side of his account and in due time he will proceed to the gate of Paradise. You see that the object of this fountain is only secondarily to quench the thirst of travellers, and their weary beasts; the primary benefit, it is supposed, reaches to a great distance. Yet we will be just as thankful for it, for all that."

"Well, this lunch is very nice, though not just like the products of American cookery," observed Mr. Lane; and then, looking up, he added, "Who are those men coming towards us?"

No direct reply to this question was given.

Hadji looked at me, and I looked at him. He was usually very calm, but now a feeling of apprehension betrayed itself in his face. Ahmet had thrown down his loose outer garment, and kneeling upon it, with his face towards Mecca, was saying his noon prayer; so he did not discover the approach of any one. The ladies, attracted by the question, looked up, but said nothing. The mother of the little children involuntarily moved towards them — their hands and mouths full of food, and thinking of no danger. I saw that her face was very pale. It

may be that mine was, too. At last Mrs. Giles said, "I hope those fellows won't stop here."

"If they salute us," I said, "it will be all right. I think they will; our hats usually secure a salutation from that class of men."

"What do you mean?" urged Mr. Lane.

The men on horseback had now come more nearly to us. There were four of them, all heavily armed with the best of weapons. A rifle hung from the shoulder of each. There were revolvers in their belts. Long daggers dangled from their sides. One or two also had swords. They were tall, very slender men, dressed in long coats of gray homespun. On their heads were immense wool caps. As they came nearer, they about half halted, and had a few words of conversation in their own language. It was evident that they did not wish us to understand what they were saying. For a moment they seemed undecided. One turned his horse, as if to stop; but his comrades beckoned him back. Then starting up their impatient steeds, they gave us a kind of recognition, and were soon past. They had gone. They had not robbed us. We breathed more freely. We

could not but give thanks to God. We felt that He had heard our prayer.

"Now, Mr. Lane, we may satisfy your curiosity. The men who have passed us are Circassians. They constitute very largely the robber class of the country. Their work is to apprehend travellers on the highway, and take from them whatever they can put their hands on. Ordinarily they will not kill their victims, if no resistance is made. If you shoot they will shoot you. But they often offer gratuitous abuse and insult, even when all they demand is at once given them. It was so when, last year, they robbed Mr. Leonard, on his way from Marsovan to Samsoon. He dismounted, for there was nothing else to be done. He gave up his money, and whatever else he had, without a word; and yet the cold-blooded ruffians beat him most unmercifully. Miss Fritcher was with him; but they said not a word to her. On the whole, it was a most fortunate escape."

"We may call ours more fortunate still," said one whose tears of gratitude were coursing down her cheeks, as she looked upon her little ones, still eating their lunch undisturbed.

"Do you often meet these fellows?" asked Mr. Lane.

"Quite frequently. Asia Minor is full of them. You remember that Russia, after a long struggle, drove them out of their old home — the Caucasus mountains. They came into Turkey; and, becoming nominally Mohammedans, they were favored by the government, given lands for settlement, and, in fact, liberty to do what they choose, with none to lay a hand upon them. The greater part of them have settled down quietly, to cultivate their lands; and yet their trade continues to be robbery. They are the coolest of villains — cruel and heartless. Of the element of pity they seem to be entirely destitute. They do not scruple to rob their benefactors — the Turks — even, whenever they come in their way. Perhaps you remember that we overtook an aged Turk, with whom I had some conversation, just after we left Nigdeh. He told me that the Circassians took his horse from him last night, and now he was obliged to make his way on foot. He heaped upon this class of men all the anathemas that his religion affords. He said he did not

blame Russia for wanting to get rid of them; that Turkey was a fool to give them an asylum — and much more of the same sort."

Our muleteer, having finished his prayer, came up and taking a seat beside us, turned the conversation upon another topic. We pointed out the fact that there was very little fruit on the trees in the garden near us.

"What do you think the reason?" I asked.

"Evidently the buds were burned," he said, "the warm weather which we had so early in the season, destroyed the fruit in a good many gardens."

Turning now to our friend whose ears were closed to Turkish, I repeated in English what Ahmet had said.

"What a notion!" he replied.

"But perhaps as nearly right as ours. When the warm weather occasions the too early swelling of the buds, and cold follows, we say that they freeze. We think of the action of the cold; they, on the contrary, attribute this result to the untimely warmth. To us, Orientals seem to do almost everything in a way just the opposite of ours. Of course, what we do seems to them also

turned around, and not in the natural order. We might adduce a great variety of instances. Their saws are set so that the teeth cut by pulling the saw towards you; their steelyards are marked on the opposite side from ours; they pull their bed-clothes up over their heads, and allow their feet to remain uncovered; they put a carved ceiling overhead, while the floor of the room may remain bare earth; they milk a cow on the left side; the last page of their books is where the first page of ours is found; when they speak or write, the last words of the sentence are usually the first that we should use; when speaking of writing, they say they put paper to pen, and not pen to paper; at their meals, the sweet and light dishes come on first, and the meat and vegetables last; on entering a house, they take off their shoes, but leave their heads covered; they turn to the left when meeting in the road; in hemming cloth, the women fold the edge from themselves, and so apply the needle — precisely opposite to what is always done, in more western countries; the mother in nursing her little babe, accommodates herself to it, as it lies in the cradle, instead of

taking it up in her arms; and so many other such differences there are between their customs and ours. Another thing now occurs to me, which seems quite strange to us. This garden may belong to one man and the trees which it contains to another. If a man buy a piece of ground, he must stipulate that the trees which are growing upon it shall also be his; or else he cannot hold them." *

Ahmet calls out that it is time to start. So we remount our horses, put the children in the baskets, and are once more slowly moving on. We meet a company of Yūrūks, or nomads, as their name implies. They are one of the rude, wandering peoples of Asia Minor — undoubtedly descendants of some of the ancient inhabitants. Many of those in the interior of the country, who are now called Greeks, may have had a similar origin. Their ancestors embraced the Greek or Christian religion, and so they came to be called Greeks.

It was not long after meeting these people, that we began to hear sounds in the distance, which Mr. Lane declared were not like anything

* Gen. xxiii. 17.

that he had ever heard before, and he thought could not be like anything that anybody else had ever heard before. It seemed to be a commingling of groaning, and croaking, and creaking, and squeaking. The sounds continued to grow louder, though not less indistinct. But on reaching the top of a little hill, our wondering friend was able to understand from whence the unearthly noises proceeded. A long procession of little carts drawn by oxen or buffaloes, was seen to be slowly approaching.

"Now you understand the matter. You see what is coming. These are the carts primeval — the carts of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, I have no doubt. Perhaps good old Noah drew the lumber for his ark on something similar. Look at those wheels. They are simple disks, about three feet in diameter, spokeless, solid, and strongly hooped with iron tires. The axles are driven firmly into these, and thus the whole turn together. The place of friction, that is, the musical part, is the point of contact of the axle with the body, or the loose frame, which is laid upon it. The sound which thirty or forty of these primitive vehicles make, when heavily

loaded, and moving on together, is something that is never heard where they are not."

"That 's certain; for it is sure, I think, that there is no other sound on the earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, that is like this. But why don't they apply a little oil and stop it? These drivers must have a remarkable power of endurance."

"These drivers say — I have been told — that they think this noise is agreeable to their cattle, and so they don't wish to prevent it."

"A very benevolent people, indeed."

At last the sound of the groaning carts died away in the distance. We were beginning to ascend the lower hills of Hassan Dagh.

"Are we near our village, do you think, Hadji?"

"We must be; and I see a village now. It is not more than fifteen minutes away. Can't you see it?"

"I see something under the hill, a little to the right of our path. Yes. I remember now; that is it — a miserable collection of little huts."

"But, surely, they ought to build good vil-

lages in such a fine country as this; I have never seen anything more charming."

"Neither have I. They could hardly help calling this mountain Hassân Dagh." *

Absorbed in thoughts suggested by the lovely scenery on every side, we came near missing the little village path that turned from the somewhat wider path, in which we were travelling. Yet we soon reached our stopping-place. What wretched abodes! We had not before, on our journey, seen anything like it.

"Is there any place where we can stay here?"

This was the common exclamation of our party. At last we found a little room for the *accommodation* of guests. It was, as usual, a part of the stable; but in this case, a very small part. Still it had the merit of having an entire partition, separating it from the standing place of the mules and donkeys. There were many advantages in this — among others, the braying of these innocent creatures would not seem so loud. There was a small fireplace at the further end, opposite the one door from the

* Beautiful mountain.

stable. The path from this door to the fireplace was some six inches below the rest of the earth floor. One window, nearly eight by ten inches, in a thick, mud wall, was apparently designed to admit a little light. Some coarse, dirty mats, made of reeds, were lying on the floor. Into this place we began to put our things. They took up a large part of the precious space, which was to serve as our only home for the night. But we could leave nothing outside. Soon as we began to unload, all the little sprigs of depraved curiosity that the village afforded, had gathered around us. And now many of larger growth appeared. In a few minutes nearly all the people seemed to be present. They stood with open eyes and open mouths. We who wore hats were to them "a whole show." Some of them had never seen the like before. At last the proprietor of our "hotel" puts in an appearance. It is a very venerable appearance. We salute him, and he salutes us. He says we are welcome. He then asks from what part of the — to him — known world we had come. We tell him from Cesarea. That was one of the remote regions. We now

proceed to show him that we have some coffee with us. At this he is delighted. He brings in some small sticks and a piece of dried manure for a fire. There is soon a little fire, and a great deal of smoke. It is now quite dark in our hotel, though the sun has not set. Our host takes from the dusty shelf an old spider and puts the coffee which we have given him into it. When it is sufficiently browned, he sends his boy to bring the mortar for pounding it. This brought, the grave, white-bearded old gentleman begins the motion with the iron pestle. He strikes this vigorously upon the burnt kernels, and, every fourth stroke, brings it against the inside of the mortar, thus causing what adheres to the end of it to fall off, and also giving variation in sound to the otherwise monotonous pounding. At length the coffee has become very fine — fine as flour. A little water in an open, long-handled, copper cup is thrust into the fire. While heating, a part is poured into a smaller cup of similar form, and that is also put where it will further heat beside the larger one. When this is about ready to boil, the venerable man, with a small bone spoon,

takes the pounded coffee and puts it in, then stirs it thoroughly. It boils up quickly, and the cup is partially removed from the fire, that it may not go over. This process is repeated two or three times. It is now ready. Some tiny coffee cups are taken down from the old shelf, and, as guests do not come along so often but that the dust has time to accumulate, these are cleared of anything of that kind that may have collected, by putting the end of the thumb in the bottom of the cup, and then turning this useful member entirely around its inner surface. Thus all apparent dust is effectually removed. The fragrant Mocha is now poured in. We each take a cup and sip it as we sit on the mats in the smoke, and never did coffee have a more exquisite flavor. Accustomed to such things, we forget that we saw the cups cleaned.

By this time the room has become crowded with people. One might suppose that our luggage would nearly fill the vacant spaces. But not quite. There are some twenty villagers also. They stand and stare at us, or sit on their feet and stare at us. They say nothing. The eager satisfying of their curiosity crowds out both the

ability and the disposition to speak. Our polite host, after serving the coffee, throws down his prayer-mat and turns his face towards Mecca, to pay his devotions to Allâh and the Prophet. Afterwards he becomes talkative. He wants to know where we Americans came from originally. We tell him we came from the other side of the world. He is evidently incredulous. If we had really come from "Pluto's gloomy reign," we should not look so much like mankind generally, as we actually do. No, he does n't believe us. While we are talking, supper is brought in. A path is made among the boys and girls that crowd the doorway, and a woman, with a cloth thrown over her head, so as to conceal nearly all of her face except her eyes, puts a little, round table down in the pathway that leads up to the fireplace, and another woman puts on this table a large dish of soup. Some immense wooden spoons are distributed around the edge and a basket of bread set down beside it. The women disappear. "*Booyouroon*," says our host, — meaning in the circumstances, Sit down and eat. We all gather around as well as we can, and our host with us. One

traveller remarks that, in the East, there is no provision made for the lower part of a man; and some of us, having been endowed by nature with somewhat extended nether supports, find it difficult to get into a secure and easy situation sufficiently near to the common centre; but one or two changes of position serve to shorten the radius, measured by the arm, plus the wooden spoon: and now there seems to be a tolerably fair chance for all. Yet it is necessary *to make good time.* Some get enough. It is very clear that our uninitiated friend has had all he *wants.* We have food that was kindly given by the friends at Nigdeh. The children are supplied, and whoever else has, for any cause, been unable to secure his portion. The little table is taken up by the woman who brought it in, and carried away. And now another serving of the coffee. And now the beginning of the smoking. There has been a little before; but now the real beginning of this business for the evening. Up to this time there has been only a few drops, such as precede the shower — now it rains. It is astonishing to see how many — all able to smoke — our room will hold. We,

the guests, are asked to sit on one side of the fireplace, while our host occupies the other side. These are the two places of *honor.* The comers-in arrange themselves according to their village dignity. They squat down on their feet in regular order — the older farther up in the room, the young men and children filling the doorway. Among others, up near the fireplace, sits a little boy whose appearance is somewhat remarkable. He has an enormous turban on his head, with a loose, shirt-like garment below it, while still further down there is only what nature provides. He has brought in his hand a chibook about three feet in length. The bowl at the end of this is well filled with tobacco, and then made to rest on the ground, in about the middle of the path dividing the room. "Bring some fire," says the proud possessor of the long stick. Up jumps a full-grown man at his side, and, finding a live coal among the embers, brings it and lays it carefully on the tobacco. Now the little cheeks begin to puff, and the sucking at the end of the chibook commences. Presently a little smoke begins to issue from the nose. After more puffing and

sucking, a good deal more issues. Soon the apparatus is in fine working order.

All show this young gentleman the most profound respect. If necessary, they at once vacate their seats and allow him "to go up higher." When his pipe begins to emit less smoke, a half dozen lusty fellows are ready to bring a coal for it. He talks but little, though he is evidently old enough "to begin to talk." Suppressing all emotions of a ludicrous nature, I resolve to draw him out.

"Will you please tell me, young man, by what name you are called?"

"Suleimân Effendi, sir."

"Whose son are you?"

"The son of Dâoud Effendi, sir."

"Will you give your age?"

"Five and twenty, sir."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, sir."

I did n't venture further. The conversation was continued with our polite host, who was smoking in the corner opposite me. Hadji had engaged him, and he was very talkative. He seemed to be sure of two things; one was that

the earth can not be round, and the other that the religion of Mohammed is true.

Drawing nearer to me a little, oblong, earthen dish, with a nose at one end in which a rag, reaching down to the grease melting below, was burning, I took from my pocket a copy of the gospel of Luke and began reading the story of the prodigal son. All listened. Even the heir apparent to the dignity of the village now for the first time looked up. None had ever heard the like before. Conversation followed. Hadji explained to them as best he could what they had heard. But respecting the spiritual meaning of the parable, not one seemed to have the faintest conception.

At last bedtime came. Our host said to his neighbors that they must retire. They thrust their chibooks into their girdles, except those that were too long to be carried in that manner, and one by one left the room. When we were really alone, that is, with only our host and the tobacco-smoke remaining, we experienced a feeling of relief. We set open the door into the stable, and that from the stable into the street. But now how to get ready for the night. Our

host threw down a bed in the corner where he had sat, and began to get ready to sleep upon it. We stretched our curtain across the room. We put up our iron bedsteads within it; but they occupied the whole space; it was impossible to stand beside them. A small bedroom, but better than none to persons who are so tired that they are ready to fall down anywhere.

"We feel as if we could rest in any place, now that some of this smoke has gone, and we can breathe again," was the remark which came from behind the curtain. The children were taken up from the corner where they had fallen asleep, and put in their bed.

"I shall sleep outside this room, in the stable," said Hadji. Mr. Lane had a similar view of his own duty.

"Very well," I said. "I will stay in this room and keep guard. You can leave your purses and watches with me."

Our kind host had a bed brought for each one of us who were destitute of such an article. The "feathers" of these beds were "*live*," if not soft. Heavy comfortables were also fur-

nished — two for each bed. These much more than made up in thickness and weight what they lacked in length.

"Why do they make their beds so short, and their bedclothes so short and heavy?" asked Mr. Lane. I referred him to Hadji for information on that point.

In a little time we had all put ourselves in proper position for the night. Our good host began to snore. Mr. Lane and Hadji were silent. The lamp was left to burn, but it did n't burn long. The grease at the bottom failed and the flame grew more and more indistinct, till at last nothing could be seen. But oh, the odor of that smoking rag! Were not the fleas accustomed to this, surely, I thought, we should have no more trouble with them for one night. But instead of dying, as it seemed as if they must, it only enraged them, and whetted their appetite. At least, so it seemed to me. Would that the tobacco-smoke might return! It would be *some* relief! But then it would be too bad to wake up our gentlemanly host, and ask him to begin to smoke again. How wise are they who have taken the stable, thought I. The smells nat-

urally arising from that place are nothing compared with this! But we can't all of us enjoy every good thing at once! Then what a blessing to be contented with one's lot! Revolving and re-revolving such philosophical thoughts as these, — not daring to speak, lest some one might be awakened by an impertinent and untimely question, I began to hear one of the donkeys walking about the stable. What if he should come and claim a share in the bed of one of my friends sleeping there! Shall I get up and tie him? But then I shall be sure to waken the sleepers, if I do not in the darkness stumble over them myself. No, it is the part of a wise man to lie still. So deciding, I at last became unconscious; or sufficiently so to dream. I thought that wild animals, which, in respect to the odor that they diffused around them, resembled certain creatures, with black and white bodies, and bushy tails that, in my boyhood, I used to throw stones at from a distance, but now in size more like horses and donkeys, were galloping and prancing with open mouths, jumping over fences, knocking down walls, and tearing up the ground around me, while they wantonly

destroyed such property as before I had been in the habit of regarding as in my undisturbed possession.

I awoke to find that I had suffered an attack from creatures, larger and somewhat more flattened than fleas. My host had risen, and was filling his pipe-bowl with tobacco. I heard Ahmet at work, getting his breakfast. At first I could not understand why he should be up so early, for it was only just break of day. Then the thought struck me that the fast of Ramazan would begin at sunrise.

CHAPTER IX.

HADJI'S STORY.

THE sun came up from behind the jagged outline of the distant Taurus, filling the broad horizon with the glory of an Eastern morning. We wind slowly up the hill, to the base of Hassan Dagh. How pure and fresh the air! To us there is new life in every breath. Here we have one of the finest views in this land of charming scenery. At our feet is the plain, stretching on to the west, almost level and unbroken, to ancient Iconium. Skirting the southern horizon, are the mountains that hide the rich lands of Cilicia. Here and there, separate peaks rise abruptly, like rocky islands in the sea. Among some other large towns, and many little villages, the city and gardens of Nigdeh are clearly visible. A little to the southeast of this city, is the site of the ancient Dana, where, Xenophon tells us, Cyrus

halted on his journey through Cappadocia, and put to death a Persian — a wearer of the royal purple — because he thought he was conspiring against him. A little farther on in the same direction, is the entrance to the "Cilician Gates," through which this adventurer and his Greek mercenaries passed, to look upon the fertile plains below. In the near view to the east, are the irregular hills of the Anti-Taurus, while above them, rising solitary and grand, are the snow-covered heights of Argeus. To the north of us, is a vast expanse of table-land, through the lower portion of which winds the classic Halys. While our eyes are feasted with these views, it is not possible to shut out of our thoughts that here was once a world of living men — that here in days long passed away were wrought out important chapters of history. But what is there now? We seem to be making our way through the graveyard of past ages. Monuments erected to beauty lost, and glory departed, are on every side; but they, too, are fast crumbling to dust. Not only the inevitable changes of time, but the spoiler also has entered. The blight of Mohammedanism has for many

centuries rested on this beautiful land. Whatever it has touched has faded, and it has no power to restore. Its contact is to destroy, and it builds nothing again. Let some of its teachings be right, its spirit is absolutely wrong; its promises may be fair, but the final result is utter ruin. The touch of its hand is death. Its God is God without the Christ; it is a religion without the warmth of love — without the conception of spiritual life. Thus it is directly antagonistic to all that has power to save and bless mankind.

It was while occupied with such thoughts as these that Ahmet came up to lead the mule, and thus was suggested the question, why he rose so early. This was to draw him out.

"Our month of Ramazan begins to-day," he replied.

"So during this whole month, you neither eat, nor drink, nor smoke, between sunrise and sunset."

"Just that is our fast."

"Does it really seem to you that you derive any benefit from fasting in this way?"

"I can't tell anything about it; Allâh knows.

The Prophet would not have commanded us to fast, had it not been for the best. Then have I not sins to be atoned for?"

"Do you believe that you may wipe out the sins of a year by a month of fasting?"

"God is merciful," he said.

"What was the subject of your conversation with Ahmet?" asked Mr. Lane. "He seemed to be much more in earnest than usual."

"I was asking him about the fast of a month, which he begins to-day. You remember he was up very early, getting his breakfast this morning."

"Well, can they eat all they please before sunrise, and after sunset?"

"Yes; and they often take special pains to have good food, sometimes engaging in feasting and revelry during the night. With those who have little work to do, or work that can be done at one time as well as another, it is simply the turning of day into night, and night into day. They are forbidden everything in the form of pleasure during the day, but they have full liberty at night."

"It must be hard for the poor laborers."

"Indeed it is. They get very tired and faint before the sun goes down. They wait and watch with the most intense eagerness, for the gun that shall announce his setting. In the winter they can endure it; but when, in the changing of their lunar months, Ramazan comes in the summer, it is very hard. And they admit that it is hardest of all for them to go without their tobacco. In the month of July, they can work in the field all day without a drop of water, and not feel the privation so much, as that occasioned by their abstinence from tobacco. So cruel a task-master has become the weed they smoke. As we see these people groaning under their self-imposed burdens, we are forcibly reminded of what our loving Saviour says of the burdens which He imposes — they are light."

The morning passed away in pleasant conversation on a variety of topics. Having taken our lunch at a spring of clear water, gushing out at the foot of the mountain, we start again for a ride of five hours to Ak Serai. We pass a company of gypsies, and a more wretched-looking group of human beings is rarely found. The older women especially have attained to a repul-

siveness, in their looks and appearance, which is quite beyond the power of any one to describe. They must be seen. They trudge slowly on in their scanty, dirty, tattered clothes, with uncombed hair, bare feet, and unwashed face and hands, while they turn upon you their glaring black eyes, and present a mouth, made meaningless in form, by long years of sucking an old pipe; their flesh is nearly gone, and their skin rough and wrinkled, apparently serving only to cover a framework of bones, so fixed as to make acute angles at every motion; while their sharp and cutting words betray a voice ever kept in the scolding key. They lead their old horses, loaded with the *men*, the very small children, the tent poles, copper kettles, a few bundles of rags, and skins filled with curdled milk. They have their own language, and in religion are semi-pagans. Their vices are of ancient date; to do anything new or better never occurs to them.

Having passed the gypsies, we went on in silence for a little while, when, to relieve the tediousness of the way, a petition came from the ladies of our party to Hadji, that he would

tell the story of the *tūrbé.* He began as follows: —

"It is related that an aged and very pious dervish, who had taken up his abode in a tūrbé, — a little house-like covering, erected over the bones, as was supposed, of an unusually holy man, — took, to assist him in the business of his devotions, and also in getting something to eat and drink, a lad of about ten years of age. To this pious dervish came many people, to be prayed for. He was always ready to perform this kind office, and especially as the small bakshesh was never forgotten. Thus it was by the gains resulting from his intercessions for those in trouble, that he obtained a livelihood for himself and his young assistant. His only investment in this kind of pious business, consisted in the bones of the saint that rested beneath the floor of his strange dwelling. To aid him in obtaining the necessities of this mortal state, besides his boy-companion, he had a donkey also. This patient creature, when not used to carry the boy to the fountain for water, or to the city for food, would stand beside his master's door, or else, tethered in the near field,

he nipped the bitter weeds. It was altogether a most useful animal. He not only served his master, but was also sometimes an aid to those who came to visit this man of prayer. His friendly braying would answer in place of other guide, to such as were trying to find their way among the numerous by-paths of the open, uninhabited country.

"Thus days and months and years passed away. The venerable man grew more venerable, and his character most exceptionally sacred, from having, for so long time, imbibed the influence of the holy bones lying beneath him. He was held in great reverence by all the poor, the feeble, the sick, and other suffering ones, that resorted to him. Far better to them than spending their money to meet the ordinary necessities of life, was the placing of their few remaining coppers upon the folds of his garment, in return for the efficacy of his prayers.

"But one fair morning, the old man surprised his young neophyte, who had now become a man in years and stature, by addressing him somewhat in this way: 'My son, you have been with me these fifteen years. You

have been faithful and kind. You have well earned your bread and the few clothes that I have been able to furnish you. You have ever done me good. I would fain keep you as long as I live; but that would not be best for you. At my death, what would you do? The world is wide, and Allâh is merciful. It is better that now, while you can, you learn to do some kind of work. Go, my son, and seek your fortune. May the blessing of Allâh be upon you. Always be upright and faithful, as you have learned of me. And that I may not send you away empty, I give you the donkey that has for all these years served us so faithfully. Use him well. He is now old; but I trust will carry you to a good home. Take this bread and a bottle of water, and may Allâh open a plain and safe way before you. Upon thee be peace.'

"The young man mounted the donkey, now his own. The tears stood in his eyes, as he told his aged benefactor how much he loved him; and he begged that, through the holy influence of the tūrbé, his venerable and indulgent father would still endeavor to secure for him the blessings of heaven wherever Allâh

might fix his future abode. So he departed. It was with mingled feelings of hope and fear. He longed to do something for himself, and now he was to have an opportunity; but he was unacquainted with the world. What should he attempt? Where should he find friends? The day wore away and the sun was setting. Fortunately he came to an old caravansary. He was permitted to sleep in the open court. He also obtained a little straw for his faithful animal. In the early morning he resumed his journey. But where was he going? There was nothing left to him but to keep on. The sun was hot. The poor donkey had not had sufficient food. He had long been but a worn-out beast. Now his strength began to fail. This his rider perceived with dismay. But sooner than he expected the crisis came. The enfeebled creature fell to the ground. To rise was impossible. Omar — for that was the young man's name — now began to lament his sad fate. He buried his face in his hands and cried, 'Allâh! Allâh!' He looked again at his suffering donkey, and saw no motion. He touched him and there was no sign. It was dead. For

a few moments he sat and gazed about him in utter amazement. Then starting up suddenly, 'Heaven hear my prayer,' he said. And now seizing the creature that had been his faithful companion, he dragged it a little to one side of the road, hastily scooped out a hole in the soft sand, put in the carcass, and buried it. Then he sat beside the grave weeping. 'How sad my fate,' he repeated to himself. 'I might as well die here.' Just at that moment he spied a company of horsemen coming towards him. It was the chief man of that part of the country and his retainers. On their coming nearer, Omar discovered the character of the party. A new idea struck him. His answers to the questions that would be put to him might possibly be his fortune.

"'Who are you, sitting there in such distress? and what is that heap of sand?'

"'Effendim,* may Allâh have pity on thy humble servant Thy servant kisses the dust of thy feet.'

"'But what is the matter?'

"'Effendim, may your life be spared.'

* My master, or lord.

"'Who has died?'

"'Effendim, I had a friend. May Allâh give my master many.'

"'Allâh is merciful.'

"'Effendim, may Allâh be merciful to my master, and bless his children and his children's children.'

"'What can I do for you?'

"'Effendim, my only friend fell by the side of the road. I had neither bread nor water. Ah, my master, may Allâh spare those you love. May Allâh grant my master the unspeakable delights of paradise.'

"'My son, you may do a good work. Do you wish to do it?'

"'Praises be to Allâh.'

"'Stay here by the corpse. Two of my men shall watch with you. To-morrow I will come with a large number of workmen, and we will build a tūrbé, and you shall sit in it to say prayers for the poor people that may travel on this road.'

"'To Allâh be thanks! to Allâh be praise! Effendim, thy servant kisses the dust of my master's feet.'

"With an ample supply of food and drink to keep off hunger and thirst, and three old flint-locks and a long sword to keep off the wolves and jackals, Omar and his lusty associates kept watch — each sleeping awhile in his turn — till the light of day again afforded the best protection they could have against the approach of any foe.

"Promptly the men came to build the tūrbé. It was finished before the sun went down. Heavy stones were brought and placed over the remains of the pious dead, and on the floor thus formed, were carried up circular walls, covered with a rude dome of stones and earth. The door looked towards the rising sun. A mat was thrown down on the stones of the floor, a bed and bedclothes, bread and water; and fruit were supplied, and Omar was instated as keeper of the tūrbé. He would naturally spend the first few days in prayer for his benefactor. And this was the great man's special object, in thus instituting a new sacred place for prayer to be offered. He had not always done quite right. He was not so good as he was great. He had at times been associated with highway robbers, and in that way, together with oppressing the

poor, as he collected their taxes, he had amassed a great amount of wealth. He had long felt that he must do something to square up his account with the Almighty; and now there was an excellent opportunity. He could not only secure prayers for himself in abundance, but he could also attain to the merit of having a man continually seated over the bones of the holy dead, praying for others also. Now he felt sure that the gates of Paradise would open before him. He would bask in its sunlight, repose in its shade, drink the nectar of its fountains, eat the fruit of its trees, behold its marvellous sights, and, through an eternal youth, associate with its black-eyed houris.

"So Omar rejoiced in his good fortune. He had become accustomed to a life of loneliness. The days passed pleasantly, and he wanted no good thing. He was regarded as very holy, and was ever administering to others, through his prayers, some of the influence that he was constantly receiving from the sacred dead beneath his feet. He was well equipped for his work, for the prayers that he had heard repeated thousands of times, were perfectly familiar to

him; before leaving his old home he could say them as well as his master. He had found just the work he could do.

"After some time it became known in all the country roundabout that this new tūrbé had been built. Ah, thought Omar, what if my old master should learn of this that I am doing here! Will he not suspect the fraud? But surely he will not tell of me; he loves me; he will pray for me.

"Time passed on. Every day Omar thought of the old man in the tūrbé that he had left, and wondered whether he were yet living. His new master, the builder of his tūrbé, had died. He was now left in sure possession; and the people all around had come to understand the worth of his prayers. Their hold upon him would not be easily broken off. So he resolved that he would go back and visit his early home, and see whether the venerable man, who had given him his blessing, were still there. He should feel better if he could have a little confidential talk with him, and make sure that he would still remain his friend. Or, should he find, on the other hand, that he had died, there would then

remain no one to say aught against the original sanctity of his tūrbé. So procuring some one to sit in his place during his absence, he set out. The declining sun of the second day brought him to the very old spot where he had spent fifteen not unhappy years. His heart beat fast, and his hand grew strangely weak, as he approached the door, for a look within was to decide the question, to which he had so long desired an answer. But, on coming nearer, the familiar voice was assurance. He quickened his step, and was soon on his knees, kissing the old man's hand. His coming was like an apparition. 'Can it be you, my son!' was at last the affectionate ejaculation. On either side, a long narrative followed.

"'But who was the saint over whose bones your tūrbé was built?'

"'Allâh disposes of all things.'

"'But my son, this is a most singular good fortune. You must tell me. I want to know. I shall never be other than your best friend. Allâh be gracious to us both, my son.'

"The peculiar twinkle of the old man's eye was reassuring to the young disciple. It would be better to trust to him the secret.

"'Venerable father, I can trust to you all that is dearest to me; to you I owe everything.'

"'You can trust me; Allâh is good, my son.'

"'I will tell you, my father, what has been in my heart alone, these years since I left you. The bones of the saint under my tūrbé, are no other than those of the donkey which you gave me.'

"The aged father listened unmoved. The young man watched the expression of his face with intense anxiety. For a little time neither spoke a word.

"Then said Omar, 'Now, my father, since I have confided all to you, you cannot deny me what I have never yet asked you to tell me'—

"'Allâh is good, my son.'

"'Then tell me — Whose are the bones that rest beneath this tūrbé?'

"'*They are those of your saint's father*,' replied the imperturbable man of prayer.

"That night both the old recluse and his young disciple slept soundly on the cold, stone floor."

CHAPTER X.

A WEDDING.

AFTER the experiences at the foot of Hassan Dagh, our rest in the neatly kept, airy rooms of Preacher Sarkis' house in Ak Serai, was most refreshing. Preacher Sarkis, or Baron* Sarkis, as he is usually called, is a graduate of the Theological Seminary at Marsovan, an earnest, devoted young minister, reading English so as to understand it well, and speaking it with some degree of fluency. His wife is Mariam Dûdû,† a graduate of the Girls' High School in Talas.

"How is it that you call this man by one name and his wife by another, as you introduce them? have they no name in common," asked Mr. Lane.

* Used by the Armenians as we do "Mister." Ministers not ordained are called "Baron."

† Armenian for lady.

"I don't wonder that this should be something not so easily understood by you," replied Baron Sarkis, greatly surprising my American friend by his answer in English.

"We don't have surnames as you do. We are trying to do so a little, and shall come to it, I hope, some day; yet so far we have, with few exceptions, no real family names. From my name, you do not get the name of my wife. Mine is Sarkis, or, rather, the whole of it is Yakoubian Sarkis; that is, Sarkis, the son of Jacob, as you pronounce this name. If I were speaking in Turkish, I should say, Yakoub Oghlou Sarkis, which means the same. My wife's name is Mariam — or, as you would say, Mary — without the addition of my name, just as before our marriage. Here is my boy, Hovsep. He is called Hovsep simply, unless they wish to show whose son he is; then he is called Sarkisian Hovsep; that is, Joseph the son of Sarkis. And my little girl here, — her name is Shushan, — which means, in your language, a lily. Now, no one would know from her name alone that she is my girl."

"Then," interrupted Mr. Lane, "your names

do not properly indicate your family relationship."

"No; we have no such family names as you have. We are on the old track, where people were two or three thousand years ago."

Mariam Dûdû gets an appetizing breakfast, while taking care of her little children — doing all the work herself. Her babe — too old to be longer bound to the cradle — lies in a hammock in the corner of the room. Whenever necessary, this is swung to lull the little one to quietness by means of a long cord, which the mother is careful to have near at hand. Passing out through the house, we notice what seems to be a hole in the earth floor of the back kitchen. It is of about the size and shape of a barrel, and is plastered on the bottom and sides. This is an oven. How is it used? A handful of dried weeds and grass is thrown into it, and set on fire. The sides of the oven are heated sufficiently to bake a kind of bread, of the thickness of common pie-crust. This is made to adhere by means of a smart stroke, and is skilfully caught up, just as it is about to drop into the ashes below. This kind of oven is found in

the villages, and in all places where the large public ovens are not so much used. The back-loads of dried grass and weeds, which the women are everywhere seen bringing to their houses, are to supply these ovens. So it is just now as it was when Jesus referred to the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven.*

"Well, Bodville," said Baron Sarkis, as, before breakfast, we gathered for family devotions, "Marderōs Agha has just sent a man to my door, bringing his special *salaams* to you, and a cordial invitation to us all, to be present at his house to-day. His son was married in the church last night, and to-day there will be a crowd of guests at his house. I would like to have you make the acquaintance of Marderōs Agha. He is friendly to me personally; and I hope that some day the family will learn the truth. Yet they are still firmly fixed in the old ways."

"Shall we see any part of the marriage ceremony?" inquired Mr. Lane.

"The marriage was formally solemnized in

* Matt. vi. 30.

the church last night; we shall see what they do at the feast which follows, to-day. Our Armenian friends usually have their weddings on the Sabbath; but, for some reason, there was delay in this case."

"What was the ceremony at the church last night?"

"The bridegroom and his friends go about midnight, with torches and music, to the house of the bride, from which it is expected that the young maidens, as well as the more elderly women, will go out to meet them. The bride is taken as by force; though the resistance on the part of her friends is, of course, only pretended. She is carried to the church, where the ceremony consists in bringing the heads of the partners together, laying the crucifix upon them, reading certain portions of the New Testament, prayers, etc."

Breakfast over, we are ready to start for the wedding feast.

"You can leave your children here with Mariam Dûdû" said Baron Sarkis. "She does n't care to go."

On our way, a woman carrying a young child

in her arms, comes up and asks if this is not the *hakim*,* at the same time holding her babe before my face, that I may see it. But Baron Sarkis motioned her away, saying, "He is not a hakim." The child had the small-pox. Our good Dr. West, of Sivas, had gained such a reputation for skill in many places in the central parts of Asia Minor, that some of the people had come to think that all the American missionaries could do something for their sick ones.

"What did that woman want?" inquired Mr. Lane. "Her child looked as if covered with eruptions of the small-pox."

No one wishing to make a direct reply to this question, the young preacher skilfully diverted the attention of all to a company of men by the side of the street who were treading out grape-juice with their feet, and then boiling it down to the consistency of molasses. "You may see here, Mr. Lane," he remarked, "how the *pekmez* which we had on our table this morning is made. In making wine they tread the grapes in the same way; but then they don't ordinarily boil down the juice. Sometimes, however, they

* Physician.

do, a little, in order to make the wine of better quality."

"Do you have two kinds of wine here — one fermented and the other not fermented?"

"We have quite a variety of wines, but I never heard of any that was not fermented. It will ferment as a matter of course; and before that we never call it wine. Only three things are produced from the grape, so far as I know. The first is wine, made by treading out the juice, as they are doing here, and allowing it to ferment; the second is *râkee*, or arrak, which is a distillation from wine, or from the lees of the wine-press; and the third is grape-juice boiled down, so as to constitute some kind of food, the chief of which is this *pekmez*. This latter we have in great abundance, and eat it as you do molasses. We have no way of keeping unfermented grape-juice; and it seems to me that it would be a most unacceptable beverage if it were thus kept. But here we are at Marderōs Agha's gate."

We strike the rude, iron knocker upon the flat head of a nail, so driven into the plank of the gate as to receive the blow, and are soon

admitted to the court. We now divide into two parties. The ladies go into a room filled with those of their own sex; we men are taken into another room, adjoining the first, and opening into it, now seemingly much more than filled with those who regard themselves as quite superior to the female part of the creation. All rise as we enter. We are asked to sit upon the divan, in the corner opposite the door — the place of honor. After we are seated, all in the room also sit. This is the method of showing respect to new-comers. Now begin the salutations. It takes some time to be thus formally recognized by, and to recognize in return, all who are in the room. These salutations amount to nearly eight times the number of persons present, because four have just entered. These forms of etiquette over, a young girl, apparently thirteen or fourteen years old, comes up and kisses our hands. She is the bride. After kissing our hands, as she has once or twice before kissed the hands of all that were present, she offers us cigarettes. Now she comes again, bringing coffee. This we accept. But now again, — this time she brings râkee.

It is in very small tumblers, holding just one swallow each. I beg to be excused. I also ask for an excuse for my reticent friend, who keeps his eyes open — his ears are now of no use — to see, if possible, what he may be expected to do next. Our native brethren touch the little glasses to their lips, but do not drink; intending to show thus their good will, and their appreciation of the proffered treat, while their consciences will not allow them to accept of it. Now the young bride appears again. It is wine she brings. It is offered to the whole company and taken by most. We again feel obliged to decline. Our native brethren do the same. After a few minutes more, a treat is offered which no one of us may neglect. It is sherbet, or water mixed with the juice of some kind of fruit, and sweetened. With the taking of this, each guest is expected to wish the bridegroom — who sits by himself in the one solitary chair provided for the purpose — all those good wishes which his peculiar circumstances would naturally suggest. This has been done by the whole company, as they arrived before us, and will also be done by all who may yet come in.

The young bride stands — the one waiter for the crowd. She is not allowed to sit. She has already been standing for a long time; she will continue standing much longer. After a little, she goes around and kisses the hands of all present once more. Her hair now indicates that she is married. Two large locks — one before each ear — have been cut square off. This the women did as soon as she reached the house of her husband. It almost spoils her looks; but it is custom, and must be done. So deep-rooted is the feeling requiring this, that the Protestants, in spite of entreaties from the missionary ladies, all continue to cut, and almost spoil, the beautiful hair of their young brides. The silent girl now before us has something tied around her neck with a little string. It is a charm to keep off the evil eye. Her hands also show that she has been prepared for her wedding-day. They are covered with henna, giving them a dirty red color, or brown, while the finger-nails are a brighter red. Her dress is of broadcloth, embroidered with silk and gold thread. The style is that of a full skirt and a kind of short jacket with sleeves, while over the skirt are two

separate pieces much like two great aprons, one before and the other behind, almost meeting at the sides, and coming down nearly to the feet. Her hair is braided in many tiny braids, which fall over her shoulders, and, running across them in a double row, are coins of gold.

But she is only a little girl. She has never before been separated from her mother — the only person on earth to whom she naturally clings. The man whom she must now call her husband, she knows nothing of — she has had no acquaintance with him whatever. But she must obey him. She must obey her mother-in-law; for she will be ruled by her, as with a rod of iron. She will not be permitted to speak a loud word in the presence of her father-in-law for one whole year at least — perhaps not for many years. Her husband will beat her when he chooses. She is henceforth to be a servant and a slave. All menial and dirty work will fall to her lot.

This is the first day of her married life, and so she is making a beginning. She already looks tired. She will be still more tired before the company breaks up, for she will not be

allowed to sit down. She serves one thing and then another, and takes her place in the corner, where she stands, till she passes around once more to kiss the hands of her guests. The company pay no attention to her, do not treat her as if of any consequence, show her no respect. The bridegroom claims and receives the attention of all. All congratulations and good wishes are for him. She is nowhere, and nothing.

We sit amid the tobacco-smoke, witnessing the wine-drinking, and the râkee-drinking, and listening to the foolish and silly talk of the guests, continually growing more and more hilarious, till we deem it consistent with politeness to leave. We ask permission of our gracious host, and rise to say good-by. The company all rise and stand, while we temenâ ourselves out. We had previously informed the ladies of our readiness to go; so we met them in the court. Baron Sarkis now leaves us, to go home another way that he may make arrangements for a prayer-meeting in the evening.

"Are your Protestant weddings like this?" asked Mr. Lane, as we were once more seated on Mariam Dûdû's newly covered, neat divan.

"Somewhat the same in form; though the wedding-feast continues but one day, and the marriage ceremony is on that morning. Sometimes our weddings are in our chapels, and then a sermon is usually preached. Many will come, who do not ordinarily attend a Protestant service; and so it makes an opportunity which we like to improve. The marriage service itself is that which the missionaries have taught the people. No intoxicating drinks are used on the occasion, no indecent hilarity allowed. The reception of guests, whether the wedding be really solemnized there or not, is at the house of the bridegroom's father.

"There are some very important differences between the Protestant weddings, and those of our friends of the old church; but what is of vastly more consequence, as constituting a difference between them and us, is the domestic life which follows. Among those who have no knowledge of the gospel, the young bride is carried to her new home, apparently by force. Her friends resist in vain, she sheds conventional tears, and holds back to no purpose. But many times her tears are real. They would al-

ways be, did she know the nature of the change she is making. She will not be permitted to see her mother again for at least six months, that she may be weaned from her love. She has not been taught to read. She is ignorant; and it is thought best that she should be. She will fill *her* place better for it. Her children are not so much hers, as her mother-in-law's. She is not expected to have any control over them. No one will control them very much; but as to herself, her mother-in-law will control *her*, while her children are allowed to tease and worry her. She is among them as a child of larger growth, with no authority over them. She will sometimes try to coax, she will sometimes try to frighten them; she will curse them, and swear at them. How should she know a better way? It is just as she herself was brought up. Why did her mother-in-law wish to have her husband take her home, as his wife? Chiefly that she might have some one to help her do her work. Her own daughters had become of marriageable age, and left her. And as soon as another of her sons is old enough, he will bring his bride in the same way. So down to the youngest.

She will soon have enough to help her. But many fingers do not always make light work. The husbands of these young wives are usually gone from home a large part of the time. There come to be a variety of little cousins, and many separate interests, in that household. Those who have been thus brought together without their own consent, fill up their time with bickerings, jealousies, and quarrellings, while the sharp, scolding tongue of the mother-in-law is ever heard, as she lays down the law, and enforces obedience. There can be no real love in such a family. The worst tempers are cultivated in the children. They are taught by example to go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies. They soon learn that their mothers try to deceive them, and they try to deceive in return. There are at times manifestations of natural affection; then an outburst of anger 'sharper than a serpent's tooth.' The life of the greater part of these little children is, in most respects, a wretched life. We speak of the homes of these people, because we have no other word to use; but neither in the Turkish, nor in the Armenian language, is there any word for *home.*

How should there be? The thing itself is not known. Looked at in its social aspect, our work in this country is the creation of Christian homes. And it is a work, in which to have a part, gives me more joy than I can express. If sometimes, on these journeys, we think of the self-denials, and the hardships of the way, we feel ourselves a thousand times paid, on entering the house of one of our native brethren — for example that of Baron Sarkis here. We have now found a true home. We have found the abode of domestic peace, and real happiness. We have found a place where the Bible is read; where is a newspaper; educational, scientific, and religious books. We have found a family where children are really brought up, and learn to know the meaning of a mother's love. We have found a family where the husband is kind and considerate; where the wife takes her proper place. We come to her neat table, and at the head of it she presides.

"She controls her little ones, and teaches them propriety and good manners. She tells them of the loving Saviour, and commits them to his care, as they are put to rest in their tidy beds.

They are in a bad world; but they have a *home.* No one can know the meaning of this precious word, till he has lived among a people who have nothing of what it signifies. Of course there are but few homes among the Protestants, in this wretched land, that come up to what I have now described; *but they are coming.* Thousands of such homes are being made in Turkey. I have often thought since I have been here, that even were there no hereafter, the comfort one might bring to this people by teaching them how to make happy homes for themselves and their little ones, would be ample compensation for any self-denial, for any outlay of money, involved in accomplishing this work. But there is a hereafter. How is one appalled by this thought, as he sees so many poor human beings on every hand, going in a way that is already destructive to whatever is pure and good and joy-giving, and so involving a future of certain misery. I see that in America the question is being often asked, 'Will those who have no knowledge of the gospel be lost?' The terribly crushing fact of our daily observation is that *they are lost.* I do not stop to ask how they

came to be in this condition; it is enough to know that they *are* in it. They are already lost to everything that has power to make them really happy; and without such a change as is wrought in the soul by the grace of God in Christ, I cannot see any possibility of their ever being made happy. This is the awful fact with which we have to deal. Speculation in regard to possibilities in the future, we have no time for."

The afternoon was spent in visiting our school, calling on the Protestant brethren and some others who were willing to receive us, at their shops and places of business, and also in going to see several families at their homes. This latter was the work of the ladies. At supper-time we compared notes. The report of the school was very favorable. Superhi, the teacher, had done great credit to her training at Talas. Five years before, she did not herself know a letter; now she was not only successfully teaching a school of more than thirty pupils, but was also doing an excellent work among the women — often leading the female prayer-meeting, and active in all Christian work. Opposition to the

employment of a female teacher had entirely ceased; and all the parents were only too glad to have the services of one so well fitted for her work as Superhi.

"Has there been much opposition to the employment of female teachers here?" asked Mr. Lane.

"Yes, as a matter of course, the people will at first oppose everything that is new; but it was especially repugnant to all their ideas of propriety, that an unmarried girl should attempt to teach. We have had a hard struggle to get those educated in our higher schools, into this work. It is only as it is seen that they can do it, and are doing it, that opposition ceases. There are now scores of such girls teaching in Turkey. The good that they are doing is incalculable. There is no part of our work which is so hopeful as woman's work for woman. The lady missionaries and those that they are training to assist them, are slowly and silently, but very surely, laying the foundations of a work that is to effect mighty changes in this land. Would that all the women of America could see what is here being done for their degraded sis-

ters. They could not but be aroused to new effort. It could not fail to enlist the sympathies of every lover of her kind — of every woman, born in freedom, and who knows the meaning of home.

"True, as you have seen on our journey, woman is still made a beast of burden — her sad lot, her real woes, are not to be described; but there have come to be exceptions. A ray of light has penetrated the darkness of centuries. Now there are Christian women, Christian mothers, and so Christian homes. It seems impossible for the men — even those of the best intentions and wishes — to understand what their wives should be, till these have actually become such as they should be; then they are appreciated. We have many times tried to convince our young men that they need educated wives; our arguments have never had the least effect upon them. But as they see what an educated wife really is, they are desirous of securing such. It is the same old story — example and accomplished facts are the best preachers everywhere."

"I have an item to report," said Mrs. Giles,

"which perhaps may properly come in here. Kohar's younger sister is nearly ready to go to Talas, if we can receive her at the school. Her father promises to furnish her bed and clothes, and pay half of her board. That seems to me very good. They are really poor; and there are four other little children. Kapriel Agha is still somewhat in debt, and his widowed sister is dependent upon him. The girl is bright, and Superhi says she has done well in her school."

"There seems to me, then, no doubt in regard to our taking her. The station has commissioned us, you know, to do all we can in this direction. Can she be ready to-morrow? We had better secure her passage to Talas at once, if she is to go."

"A company of muleteers are just going to Cesarea," interrupted Hadji, "and I have no doubt I can get a horse for the girl, to be returned by them. We can thus secure the animal at a reasonable rate; for they will use it to bring a load back."

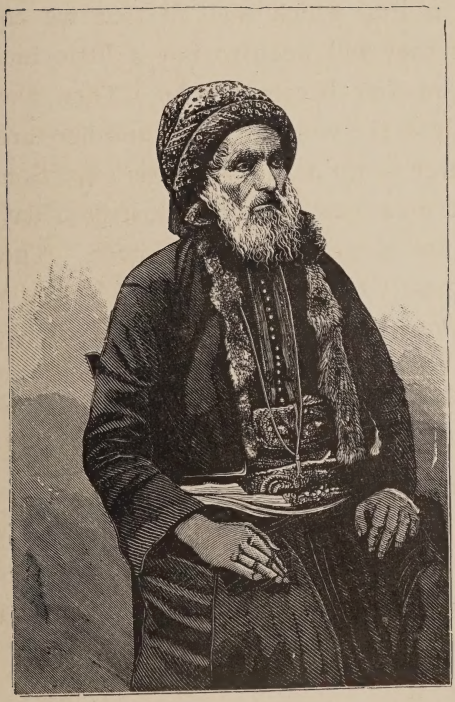
"We found the two poor families about which they wrote us," continued Mrs. Giles, "some-

what more reduced than ever before. Hohannis, the shoemaker, has been unable to earn anything for more than six months; his wife is feeble, and there is nothing that their girls can find to do. They seem well-disposed, and, I think, would gladly help their father and mother, but there is no work for them. And, being in a weak state, without sufficient food, it is the same old story — fever and ague. Besides, all the children, except the oldest, have had the measles. They have really been having a sad time. They called in that doctor, who, perhaps you remember, used to pretend to practise medicine in Cesarea. He would do nothing without pay in advance; and, doubtless, it would have been better to pay him, if that must be, and let him go, without his prescriptions. The medicines which he ordered, they could n't get till Baron Sarkis gave the money to buy them. And then, after all, they did no good; what was needed was proper food and nursing. The brethren have supported them almost wholly for more than a year; and entirely for the last four months. They get along, and just hold on to life; but it is an eventually-starve-to-death plan.

What they will do this winter, I don't know. Our hearts ached for them. We gave them half a lira, which was all that we could do. This they will keep to buy a little fuel, when the weather becomes cold. Then the other family — the widow Geulkis and her three little children — are not much better off. Sometimes she can earn two or three piastres a day, weaving, and sometimes not so much. They have had nearly their entire support from the brethren since Baron Avedis died — nearly two years ago. We gave them a little — what we could spare."

"Here, take this for these two families," said Mr. Lane, as he passed out a lira. "I shall not remain among these poor sufferers very long, and so I will do what I can while I am here. I never before knew what our Saviour meant, when he said, 'The poor ye have with you always.' I see it is literally so here."

"Yes; if one's heart is not steeled against all sympathy with suffering fellow-creatures, it is almost enough to wear one out entirely to live among such a people as this. We went by invitation of Toofan Dûdû, to see a sick child in a



IMAM. (See page 299.)

Mohammedan family, living next door to her. The poor little thing is evidently dying with some wasting disease; we could n't tell what. We had not been in the house long before the *imâm* * came in, and read over the feeble sufferer something from the Koran. Then he wrote some words on a slip of paper, tied it around her neck, took his fee and left."

"Is that their method of treating the sick?"

"The usual method. Once when Dr. West was in Cesarea, he was called to see the child of a certain Mohammedan; but as soon as he had left the house, the neighbors came in, and protested against the giving of medicines prescribed by a *giaour hakim;* they persuaded the father to put them aside, and send for the imâm, who came and read over the child in due form, and tied the charm around its neck. Among the best of the people here — excepting some of the Protestants — a physician can feel no certainty that his medicines will be faithfully used."

"But have you no better native doctors than such as you have spoken of?"

"There is a class of young physicians, who

* A kind of Mussulman priest.

have studied with Dr. West, that are much superior to the most of those who call themselves doctors. Many of them are quite skilful, and may be trusted in all ordinary cases. Then, in some parts of the country, there are physicians who have studied in foreign lands; but not here, in the interior of Asia Minor."

CHAPTER XI.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

EARLY in the morning we were homeward bound, with our prospective school-ma'am as a new travelling companion. As we were all enjoying improved health — the children had gained much by the change — we set our faces towards Cesarea, in the best of spirits. Ahmet was lively, pleasant, and most accommodating, however faint and cross he might become, before the sunset gun should announce that he could again light his cigarette.

"Do you know," said Hadji, "that there is a wonderful old church on this road, two or three hours ahead of us?"

"I have heard something of it," I replied.

"If you wish, we can stop there and rest a little, and drink a cup of coffee with the old Turk who keeps the premises."

"Then it is not used as a church now?"

"No, the Turks took possession of it long ago. It is a little house, dug out of a solid rock. You enter it through another apartment, also, to a large extent dug out of the rock. The outer room is now used for the accommodation of travellers."

"What is the use of the old skull-bones that I everywhere see hung up in the fields?" inquired Mr. Lane. "I have noticed them ever since we left Cesarea."

"Yes, and you would notice them whatever way you might travel in this country. They are to protect the grain from the *evil eye*. You have probably seen them also over the doors of the houses. Sometimes, in the place of a bone, you find an old shoe, or something else equally valuable. No man ever builds a new house, but he puts some such thing over the door, as soon as the walls are up. So, too, amulets, charms, and talismans are worn on the neck. You remember I called your attention to one that the bride was wearing yesterday. Our muleteer wears one. You could n't hire him to go without it. His consists of a few words — of themselves probably without any meaning — written

on a piece of paper, and done up in a little rag. He never takes it off. These people live in constant fear of the malicious glance of some unseen wicked genius ; and the means employed to protect themselves, and their children, as well as their property, are as singular as they are puerile. They do not wish to have their children praised, lest they should be struck by this evil eye. If you speak well of the child — as for instance to say it is handsome — they will hasten to say some bad thing of it, that they may counteract the possible results of your thoughtless admiration."

Three hours of pleasant riding across the plain brought us to the little church in the rocks — now a Mohammedan shrine. We see nothing but some appearance of a house, on the side of the hill, by the road. But there is at least a door. At this we dismount. We go in. We find an old man, with long white beard, and thin, cadaverous face, above which rose a faded green turban of most unusual dimensions. The color of this head-dress showed that the wearer claimed some relationship to the prophet. He was now going through with the various motions,

genuflections, bowings, and prostrations, which for many long years had accompanied the repetition of his prayer. Another old man, of much the same general appearance, though unfortunately not able to wear the green turban, was performing his ceremonial ablution, preparatory to saying his prayer too. The owner of the green turban turned it sufficiently to take a look at us, and then went on with his devotions. He finished just as his associate was ready to begin. We now salute him, and he us, and a lively conversation begins, interrupted only by his constant and severe coughing. Meanwhile none of us pay any attention to the man who has now begun to pray — right at our side. He, too, goes on as calmly as if nothing was being done near him.

"Well, Bâbâ, we have heard that there is a shrine connected with your premises here. Can we have the pleasure of seeing it?"

"Most assuredly, Chelabi. I will take you in."

We follow through a dark passage, and find ourselves in a little room, cut from the rock, with no opening to the light of day. The roof is conical, and on one side is a place, where

there may once have been an altar. Now in the middle of the room are some old bones — we did n't ask whose bones — and over these, one or two oil lamps, kept constantly burning. This sarcophagus, or whatever it may be called, is covered with bits of old rags, which have been torn from the clothes of visitors. So they have tried to cure their various diseases. After satisfying our curiosity, we get out of the foul air and the smell of burning grease, and sit down with the old gentleman, to sip with him his newly made coffee.

"How long have you had the care of this shrine, Bâbâ?"

"More than twenty years."

"I understand that it is thought to be a sure remedy for all forms of disease."

"It is a sure cure."

"I am sorry to notice, however, that your cough still continues."

To this, perhaps rather impertinent remark, our benignant host made no reply, but busied himself rather in replenishing his lungs with the fragrant exhalations of his long chibook. So I ventured to ask another question.

"Is it known when this wonderful little room was excavated from the rock?"

"Our books do not tell, and my memory fails to reach back to it," he replied.

Feeling sure that he was right on both these points, and not wishing to be further delayed, we gave our bakshesh, mounted our waiting animals, and were soon again in the pleasant, open air, and — away from the fleas. True, some skirmishers, together with the picket guard, had attached themselves to our persons; but from the fierce onset of the main army we had escaped. About noon we passed a deserted village.

"How does it happen that this village is uninhabited?" asked Mr. Lane.

"This is the result of famine. We are now passing through a part of the region that suffered most severely."

"Were the people all swept away after this sort?"

"Not many villages were entirely deserted, like this we are now passing; yet at the time, the inhabitants nearly all fled, leaving only the feeble ones and the children. Now, some that

survived have returned to their old homes; and so nearly all the villages have at least a few people left in them."

"Do you mean to say that parents fled, leaving their children?"

"Yes, in very many cases. Prolonged hunger, in some instances, seemed to destroy all natural affection. Then, perhaps, some left their little ones to die because they could not bear to see them suffer. But, besides, in respect to the Moslems, — and the greater part of those that perished were Moslems, — it must be confessed that they often leave the old and the feeble and the helpless to the care of Allâh; they say, Let his will be done; and they have no will of their own except to take care of themselves.

"But the scenes which we witnessed in those days of famine were heart-rending. No one can describe them. The crops failed, and this was followed by a winter of unparalleled severity. The people were shut up in their little villages, unable to move in any direction. Their cattle and flocks died. They subsisted, as best they could, on the flesh of dead animals. They tore

down the greater portion of many of their houses, and used the wood for fuel. As soon as the spring opened they began to try to get away. Many families kept together as long as they could, but were obliged to part with the dying at various places on the road. Others fled, leaving behind those that could not follow them. One village, not far from where we now are, was found, as it appeared, entirely deserted; but on a more particular search three little children were seen lying dead together in one room; not another person remained, either living or dead. One father took his children to the bank of the Halys to throw them in; he succeeded with the two younger, when the oldest, a boy of twelve summers, broke away and ran for his life. He escaped; and afterwards, as Mr. Farnsworth was distributing aid, he found him and provided for his wants. In their desperation the people would eat grass and weeds. When doing this they usually lived but two or three weeks. Their bodies would begin to swell, and death would soon follow. Large numbers of the stronger ones succeeded in getting far away from their homes; the greater portion never

returned. They wandered in every direction. It was estimated that more than twenty thousand crossed the Taurus mountains into Cilicia. But few of these returned. The cities all around the famine-stricken region were filled with a great horde of beggars. They came in rags and tatters, with bare feet and blackened faces, weak and despairing, crying out to the inhabitants to have pity on them. Some gave, but many refused to give. Probably nine-tenths of all the beggars were Mussulmans. They came to their own, but their own received them not. They rapped at the gates of their co-religionists, but these were never opened. It was almost impossible for a beggar to find entrance to the court of a single Turkish house in Cesarea. He must go to the nominal Christians —the Armenians and the Greeks. They usually opened their doors and gave something; often they would share their last crust with a dying fellow-creature. Not so with the followers of the Prophet. At that time a vast difference appeared between them and the nominal Christians. In the latter there seemed to be left a stratum of humanity; on this you could make

your appeal rest, and it would have some effect. All appeals for sympathy to the Moslems were words spoken into the empty air. They seemed to be entirely destitute of human feeling, when the question of helping came to be one of risk to themselves. As a religious duty, they would still feed and keep alive a broken-legged dog; but they would look coolly on while a fellow-mortal died for want of a piece of bread. But the same thing is characteristic of them at all times. Their religion is pure selfishness. There is no element of humanity in it. With some virtues, like temperance, sobriety, and a kind of integrity among the working-classes, a genuine Mohammedan is the embodiment of cruelty. There is no forgiveness in his creed; there is no mercy in his heart. A Mohammedan woman, living just opposite our gate, was sick three months with consumption. She was fed each day with food carried from our kitchen. While thus sick, her son, a lad of sixteen, would go to the bedside of his mother and say to her, 'Why don't you die? Do one thing or another.' She had ceased to be able to help him; she was in the way; why not get out of the way?"

"What do you see to be the effect of giving aid to these sufferers from famine?"

"Great good to our work. What we feared would be the destruction of our weak Protestant communities, has, by the blessing of God on our endeavors to relieve the destitute, been made the means of bringing the gospel to the knowledge of many who would not otherwise have heard of it. Our enemies had taken great pains to show that we were bad men. They affirmed that we practised secret, mysterious rites. They said that we had strange machines, by which we made those who came near us Protestants. They made the poor people believe these things. But when one of our agents went to the house of some starving mother, whose little ones were clinging to her tattered garments, faint from hunger and crying, and benumbed with cold; a mother who had sold the last article from her house, even the clothes from her bed, to buy food and could get no more — when such a one was surprised by the visit of a man bringing something to eat, do you wonder that in many cases the astonished exclamation was, 'Did you come from heaven? Are

you an angel of God?' Do you wonder that, when it became known to such sufferers that those who had brought them relief were the hated Protestant missionaries, the power of the priest to make them believe that these missionaries were crafty deceivers, was forever gone? From that day the reply of many who had before been deceived in regard to us was, 'Whether the Protestants be bad men or no, we know not; but one thing we know, that whereas you did nothing for us, they saved us and our children alive. They manifested a sympathy in our distress such as we never heard of before.'

"Of course many came for the loaves and fishes, and have now left us; but many others came to stay with us."

"But was there not grain enough in those parts of the country where the drought did not prevail? How happened it that the people must die, while so near abundance?"

"I do not wonder that you ask the question. There was grain enough not more than one hundred and fifty miles away. But there was no method of transporting it. In the winter the snow was deep. Afterwards there were few

animals left that could be used for such a purpose. And had there been enough, it would have been of little use. The people had no money with which to buy food. In some places where they suffered, there was grain enough in the granaries — locked up. It belonged to men who had wrung it out of the poor people for their taxes. Some of it belonged to the government.

"Besides, we often found it very hard to reach such as should be assisted, because of the selfish inhumanity of those who thrust themselves between them and us. On account of the moral perversity of the people, it was hard to help them to live, even when you had the means of their subsistence in your hand. We prosecuted some of the chief men of several villages, for seizing what had been distributed to their poor. These harpies were mostly Turks, but not all of them. We brought one priest before the government for taking the bread from the mouths of his starving flock. If in the time of this famine there had been, first, a righteous government, and, secondly, highways, there would have been no famine. And in the very

districts in which the scarcity occurred, there are men enough who sit around idle all winter, and who would gladly find work at twenty-five cents a day and board themselves, to build, not only necessary common roads, but a railroad from one end of Asia Minor to the other."

"Then why does not somebody start up and do something?"

"These men have no capital; they are the ignorant peasants; those who have capital do not know how to invest it in any such enterprise, and they would not dare to do it, if they did know how. Furthermore, the government would not permit them to do it, were they able and willing. Foreigners, especially the English, have made many proposals, looking towards the building of such railroads through this part of Turkey, as would promote the industries of the people; but the government refuses to grant needed subsidies, and it is afraid to have the work done in any way, lest it prove to be a deception and a cheat in the end. And, besides all this, the mutual jealousies of officials, and the apprehension that somebody, somewhere, may be going to make something by it, would

prevent the adoption of the best plan. So this naturally wealthy and beautiful country remains like a piece of untilled ground. Where there should be a generous harvest, we find only weeds and briers."

"Do not the people know their condition? Do they never complain?"

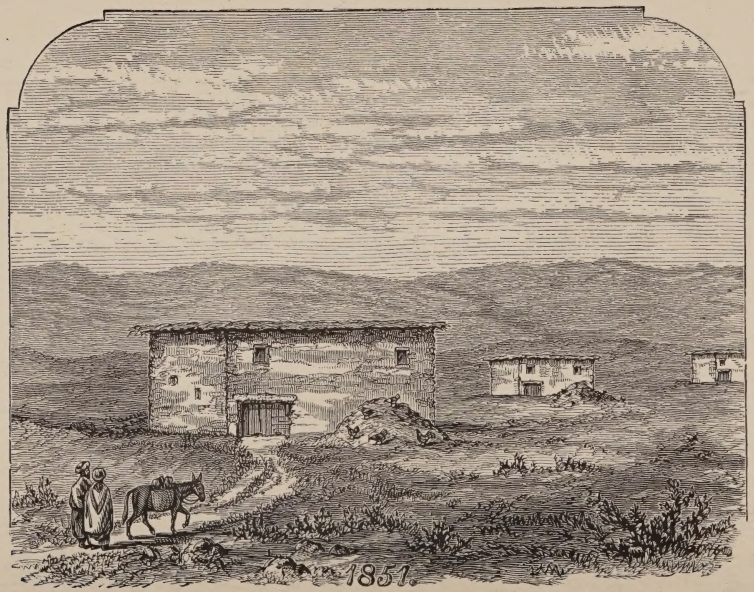
"However much or little they may know of their real condition, they complain enough. Everybody curses the government, if we may except the few who get the offices, and collect the taxes, and, by various other means, contrive to grow fat on the spoils wrung from a helpless and disheartened people."

"How did the government officials, with whom you had to do in the distribution of aid, look upon your work?"

"They were very jealous of us, and afraid of the influence we might gain over the people. I think they would have preferred that the poor, starving creatures live or die, as they might, rather than that *we* should aid them. They tried to appear to be anxious to help us; but, at the same time, it was evident that they were, at heart, very hostile. But I think it quite remark-

able that in distributing aid to the amount of more than one hundred thousand dollars, not one dollar was ever seized upon the highway. There were bad men all about us. They knew that we had money in large sums. They knew that I kept it in my house. But neither my house nor an agent of mine was ever molested. When the almost herculean task of trying to keep alive, by such means as we must employ among such a people, more than fifty thousand famishing souls, had been completed, and safely, we felt that it is indeed true, that 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.'"

With such conversation the hours passed away; but the ride was a long one, and before reaching our stopping-place we were all exceedingly tired. None of us felt like talking very much from the middle of the afternoon till night. We simply jogged along, wishing it might again be time to rest, though our last night out was not to be in the most delightful place. We passed near the home of Gregory Nazianzen. How have all things changed since his day! Were he to return to his hermit-life, in this



OLD KHANS BY THE ROADSIDE. (See page 316.)

neighborhood, he would surely find it sufficiently quiet. The solitude is unbroken, except by the cry of the jackal, or the hungry wolf. Sometimes a robber wanders over the plain, seeking some unwary traveller whom he may devour. This is the only *enterprise* remaining.

At last we reach our home for the night. It is called Kara Kimsé, or The Black Person — a singular name, but quite befitting so singular a place. It is a mean little Turkish village. It is without trees, without vineyards, — simply a promiscuous jumbling up together of stables and yards for horses, donkeys, cows, and buffaloes, with huts for the somewhat inferior accommodations of the human beings that live with these animals. We stop, we dismount, we go in. We throw ourselves down on mats, or the earth floor, or anywhere, for we feel too tired to stand up. Ahmet is more tired still. He has been fasting. Since the sun rose he has tasted no food, he has drank no water, he has not touched his tobacco. During the last half of the day, as is usual with those who keep Ramazan, he has been dreadfully cross. We accept his excuse for being cross, and say not a word. As soon as

we can stand, we help him unload his horse, take the saddles from ours, the baskets from the mule, and get these animals into their end of the stable, which they will be sure to enjoy quite as well as we do ours. Now the proprietor of our hotel appears, — a young man, and the principal man of the village, — whom we call Ismaiel Effendi. Though this title can hardly be said to belong to such a man, yet it is easy to add the "Effendi" to so euphonious a name as that of Isaac's half-brother, especially when we are on our way home — and it is amazingly pleasant to him. So we always call him Ismaiel Effendi. In return for our compliment, he is kind and accommodating in a manner befitting his dignity. Our room is a trifle larger than the one in which we spent a night at Hassan Dagh; but the stable is much more odoriferous. Neither is there any want of kind attention within and about your bed. In addition to the "sharps" and the "flats," you consider yourself fortunate if you do not become possessed of a few "gray-backs" also. After supper — and we ate what was set before us, for we had none left of our own — the villagers came in, and we again

went through the process of being made into bacon. At last we were left alone, not even our "Effendi" staying with us. We had before put up our curtains and got things in order, so that the ladies, after putting the children to bed, could, if they chose, stay in their own apartment during the two hours that we must struggle between trying to breathe a little air, and trying not to breathe a good deal of tobacco smoke.

"I see," said Mr. Lane, complacently, as we were endeavoring to get into our beds, "that these people smoke at all times, but they *are smoked* only once a day."

"Yes," said I, "but where they have a coffee-shop in the village, they collect together morning and evening, and so are smoked twice a day. They perhaps become a little better preserved than these that are deprived of such superior advantages."

"I suppose you have stopped at this hotel many times," continued Mr. Lane.

"I have had occasion to do so, because this place is on our way to Marsovan and Constantinople. And now I am reminded of something

that occurred while I was once spending the night here; and, as it may, perhaps, help compose you to sleep, I will tell you the story."

"Don't talk too long and keep us all awake," was the advice that came from behind the curtain.

"No, I am only trying to help you all to go to sleep. You can begin while I am telling the story, if you wish."

"Please proceed, then."

"Well, once upon a time Mr. Bartlett and family and myself were returning from our annual meeting at Constantinople, and stopped in this room over night. My good brother carried a hammock, by means of which he was accustomed to elevate himself, while sleeping, above the nightly marauders, with which every room where we stayed was filled. This was a very useful thing to have at hand; but sometimes there was trouble in finding a place where it could be properly suspended. It was so here. After prolonged effort, he was nearly ready to give up in despair, and take his place with me among the fleas. I told him I had flea-powder enough to cover him, too, if he would share the

hospitality of my earth-floor and mats. But, starting up with new courage, he determined to make one more effort. And now he succeeded. He tied one end of his hammock to the bars of that little window there, and the other end to a stick of timber that was then serving in place of a post here on this side, next to the stable. The window being high, he must elevate the other end of his bed accordingly. After due care in regard to the minor details of his sleeping-arrangement, he at last had all things ready. The ladies of our party were enjoying the iron bedsteads that had been put up in 'the women's apartment.' I was trying to make myself believe that I was going to sleep on some mats by the fireplace. A tallow candle, which we carried along for the journey, was burning at my feet; and it was understood that, as I could reach it by raising myself up in my bed, — which, when not asleep, I usually *felt* like doing, — I should put it out after my missionary brother had 'retired.' When all was complete, and the amount of disrobing practical under such circumstances had been duly accomplished, my more fortunate associate said to me, 'There, now, don't you

wish *you* had a place to sleep like a gentleman, too?' His hands were on the hammock, ready for a spring upward. I said, 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a' — Suddenly it was total darkness; with a crash, down had come the hammock, bedclothes, post, and man, and, with the tallow candle, were forming a promiscuous heap here in the middle of the room. The thought flashed across my mind, What if the post has hit his head and killed him! and yet I laughed. But it was soon apparent that there was life and motion in the heap, and with this also the cheering announcement that no injury had been inflicted. What should he then do but begin to say, —

"'Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.'

"And how appropriately could I add just then:

"'Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives *sublime*,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints,' — somewhere.
Let us then be *up* and doing
With a heart for *any fate.*

"'Oh, stop,' he shouted; 'you have quoted enough of Longfellow for once. Suppose we try to distinguish between different things here. Where are the matches?'

"'Why,' I said, 'I was only supplying what you failed to remember. I've found the matches. We'll soon see where you are.'

"I was obliged, however, to strike a good many lucifers before we were able to recognize the mangled remains of our poor candle. But it did at last help to reveal the true state of our affairs. And is only right to add that the hammock was again suspended. Its owner slept in it with composure till the morning light sent the bugs to their hiding-places, and we awoke, happy in the thought that one day more would bring us to our home.

"And now, as you are probably all asleep, I will let my story end here."

CHAPTER XII.

HOME AGAIN.

OUR journey home took us across the Halys. The natives call this river *Kuzzle Urmâk*—Red River. And with good reason, for at certain seasons of the year the water is so deeply colored that it resembles a stream of blood. We cross on an old bridge, built in those days when Asia Minor was a part of the living world. It is called *Tek Geuz*, or the One Eye, because it has but one arch, and that an exceedingly large one. It is like very many old bridges, now found in the country, built of solid masonry, and paved between the heavy parapets with large cobble stones. These have become worn smooth with centuries of travel, and are often not sufficiently near together to prevent the horse's hoofs from finding the crevices between them. As the banks of the river are but little higher than its bed, to

give room for the rushing torrents of spring-time, the bridge is built very high in the middle, making a steep ascent and descent, much like going over the sharp roof of a house. Being at the same time very narrow, it tests somewhat the strength of one's nerves to creep along up to the highest point, and then, looking over the horse's head down the descent, to venture on the slippery and uneven path.

Having crossed the river, we begin to feel the exhilaration, that, after such a trip, the thought of being near home once more always gives us. Old Argeus, about twenty-five miles distant, looms up grandly in the southern horizon. The blue outline of its summit, so familiar to our eyes, the unique cluster of surrounding hills, amid which is the elevated plain of Cesarea, the triple-pointed little mount, marking the site of Talas, the azure sky, with the soft, still air of morning, — these give to the view before us a peculiar charm. But not these alone. *There* is home. There is that, without which our toil would seem to be unceasing, and the very thought of it well-nigh insupportable. Without it, to bear the ever-accumulating little bur-

dens that would press upon us, we should need the devotion of a Henry Martyn, combined with the strength of a Cromwell. There must be a retreat — a rest; in short, what only a real home can give, or, at last, the stoutest heart will fail. So, although for the single ladies in the mission field, the best home is provided that in the nature of the case is possible, yet it is not and cannot, in all respects, be like the home of the married man and woman. And thus it is that their untiring devotion shines with a correspondingly brighter lustre. It is probable that there are no Christian workers of the present day, who follow more closely the lonely Master, in the path of his self-denial, than the single ladies now laboring in the foreign field. True, they are not, like Him, without a place to lay their heads; but they are often without a place where their aching hearts can find their truest repose. This arises from no fault in the means provided for their comfort, but from the inevitable necessities of the case. Yet most aptly may be applied to them the words of the great apostle to the Gentiles, "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, cast down, but not destroyed, having

nothing, yet possessing all things." That they are even now beginning to possess all things that are of real value to the devoted Christian, is apparent to all who have eyes to see. What a wealth of love, ever flowing from the hearts of the thousands of praying, sympathizing sisters in the home-land! This is theirs. What a fund of unspeakable joy is ever accumulating in beholding more and more of the enslaved women of the dark lands of this sin-cursed world, made free and happy in learning of Jesus and his love! This is theirs. Yes, if we were to select those who, above many others, are fitting themselves for a more abundant entrance into that rest which remaineth, we should put among the first on the list those ladies, who, leaving the entire home-circle and the home-land, and, going to a country like Turkey, or India, or Japan, gladly endure the loneliness, the toil, the fatigue, and the unspoken-of privations incident to the life of a delicate and refined lady in such countries, that they may help to raise those of their own sex from their deep sorrow and wretchedness, to a heaven of eternal joy.

Thoughts like these concerning some aspect

of the work in the foreign field, often fill the mind of the missionary, as he sits in his saddle for weary hours and travels slowly on, having nothing to do but *to think*. In spite of all the cares incident to journeying, in spite of all that is interesting or exciting, painful or ludicrous, there is often a most wearisome monotony in the outer world of such travel, as it is long continued. The mind cannot but turn within, and create for itself a world there. The past life is lived over and over. Hopes realized, disappointments, encouragements, discouragements, greater successes, as prayed for every day and every hour — these all find a place in the thoughts.

But this morning the near approach to the end of our journey was enough to keep all awake and in lively expectation. The familiar hills grew nearer and nearer. On our approach, their number was multiplied many fold. Among the higher were numberless smaller, before unseen. It was peculiarly interesting to watch the peaks and the rocky sides of the mountains as they came out more and more distinctly into view. About noon we rounded a point which

brought us to the edge of the plain, and we knew that the city was a little beyond, though we could not see it. A ride of half an hour further, and we came to a little tributary of the Halys. We had just made our way through the sluggish water and the mud, when, looking ahead, what should we see but the *missionary wagon*, drawn by two horses, with Mr. Farnsworth as driver, while Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett were on horseback, coming rapidly towards us. This missionary wagon is a very important institution. It is the gift of certain good friends and acquaintances of Mr. Bartlett in America. Could they see it rattling along the rough road, finding its way over large stones, turning aside to avoid those larger still, dragging through the mud, plunging down to the body in the water of a stream, toiling up nearly perpendicular hills, balancing itself on the side of a steep declivity, or moving happily along the level path of the plain, I do not believe they would think they had made an unwise investment of their money. It has proved a great convenience, because of the ease with which it enables tours to be made, wherever it is possible to use it. It has

been especially helpful to the ladies and children of the station on many short journeys, and some long ones as well. It has repeatedly gone to Sivas and to Marsovan, and even as far as Konia. Yes, the missionary wagon has been of great service in doing the Master's work in old Cappadocia.

After the usual exchange of salutations, and the congratulations of our friends on our safe arrival, it was distinctly stated we were all to take supper at Talas. At this some of us began to demur, as, on coming from such journeys, missionaries usually follow, in appearance at least, the punctilious old Pharisees on coming from the market — except they wash they eat not. But the further statement was made that my servant Hâgōp had gone to Talas, to help get the meal for the whole station; and besides, arrangements had been made, at our house in Cesarea, for all necessary ablutions, change of raiment, and other like preparation, looking towards our reappearance in society. Seeing that this had been done in accordance with the usual thoughtful kindness of the friends who this time had remained at home, and, furthermore, that

we had been effectually cut off from our base of supplies, a few minutes of consultation with the ladies resulted in our unconditional surrender. We agreed to go to Talas. For the rest of the way, the wagon accommodated the ladies and the children ; and so leaving Ahmet to bring up his load and the riderless horses, we struck into a cheerful gallop, and were soon nearing the old graveyards of the city. At this point Bodville Karopé and some of the brethren from Cesarea, came hurriedly forward to meet us. A great many questions were asked and answered. We had brought salutations, as well as messages and letters, from the brethren and friends in Nigdeh and Ak Serai and Urgûp, to many individuals in Cesarea and Talas.

Two hours later we were all sitting together — and Bodville Karopé also whom we had impressed into the service — around a large, extemporized table in Mrs. Bartlett's dining-room. Among the seven children at the table, little Walter Giles was not the least happy ; for his mother had once more returned from a long journey, safe and well. Also the young children that had taken the ride in the baskets,

were as happy as their capacity would allow, on finding themselves once more with their playmates, and sitting in chairs at the table to eat their supper. Their improvement in health was very marked. And all of us who for two weeks had been breathing the outdoor air, felt greatly benefited by the change. For some, the medicine had been rather hard to take; but the good effects were ample compensation.

It was a happy circle, gathered around that table. The feast was keenly enjoyed, though the fare was frugal. No after-dinner speeches were made, but reports were given of what had been done at home, and of what we had found on our journey. On the whole there was great reason for encouragement. A comparison of the present with the past showed substantial progress. One or two things were demanding special attention. And first of all, further steps must be immediately taken to secure the release of the poor suffering brother at Urgûp. Mr. Lane expressed his great gratification that he had been permitted to see a little of the inside of some kinds of missionary work. No other

two weeks of his travels had given him so much to carry home.

After evening devotions, led in Turkish by Bodville Karopé, we spent a happy hour in reading the letters and papers that the mail had just brought from dear ones over the sea.

C. J. Peters & Son, 145 High Street, Boston.